

VOGUE

A woman is featured in a full-length portrait, wearing a dark brown fur cape over a dark dress. She is also wearing a red beret, a large diamond ring, a bracelet, and earrings. She is holding a small clutch bag. The background is a plain, light color.

OCTOBER 15

The Heyday
of the Dress -
32 Examples

40
New Ideas
in
Decorating

**ADVANCE
RETAIL
TRADE
SUPPLEMENT**

opposite page 14

Young New
Party Clothes -
\$25 to \$75



QUALITY CRAFTSMANSHIP STYLE



Look for this label...it identifies
the finest wools in the world

"PEARLANA" IN CARNATION RED IS THE
FABRIC OF THE COAT ILLUSTRATED. A
LARGE SELECTION OF COATS IN THIS
FABRIC, IN A WIDE RANGE OF COLORS, WILL
BE FOUND AT LEADING STORES IN YOUR CITY
OR "PEARLANA" CAN BE PURCHASED BY
THE YARD. ASK FOR "PEARLANA" BY NAME.

FORSTMANN WOOLEN COMPANY
PASSAIC, N. J.

©



KAREN RADKAI

Our French Cone Coat Exclusive \$195

Right out of Paris—where it was designed for us

by Mademoiselle Jeanne (our own pet find) and made here exclusively for Bergdorf.

Shaped like an inverted cone, falling free and clear from a wide-rolled collar in the grand manner. The coating—a superb wool with a dense, suede-like feel, in brilliant red or black, sizes 10 to 16.

Coat Salon, Third Floor

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK 19
**BERGDORF
 GOODMAN**
 5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET



Mollie

Parnis

"CAVIAR" . . . WHIRLING SILK TAFFETA WITH PUCKERED INSERTS.



STRAIGHT EMPIRE...

BONWIT
TELLER



Close-up of
our important new coat silhouette...straight and narrow
from a high bosom line. A beautiful look in polished black or brown wool.

By Marquise, 10 to 16 sizes, 165.00 Coat Salon
New York White Plains Chicago Cleveland Boston Palm Beach



REVENESCENCE...the tranquility of knowing time has been robbed of its trademark.

Cream or liquid, \$25 to \$3 plus tax. At your favorite department store.

Charles of the Ritz

NEIMAN MARCUS

DALLAS
HOUSTON

country clothes...

checked cashmere tweeds

cut a pathway

to a new classic look.

For him...plus twos,

matched with a jacket,

tailored by **BAKER**

for her...a slim sheath skirt,

prophetic long line sweater.

Fabric and cashmere sweaters

by **BALLANTYNE**





elegance edited by

Rudolf



that Ayres look a special kind of attractiveness that stems from honoring the good and the right things happening in fashion. You might see someone who has That Ayres Look strolling through Holliday Park in Indianapolis or sightseeing as she is here in El Escorial. Little does she know as she stops to watch the Spanish children, that her way of dressing with effortless elegance, with this spark of newness and

vitality, typifies for them the polish and freshness of American women. Sponsoring this look is **L. S. Ayres & Company** of Indianapolis—believing in the importance of clothes with this character, knowing that perfect taste is a passport to any place in the world. She wears a soft curved Clare Potter knitted suit rimmed with jaguar fur, a John Frederics hat. Photographed in Spain by Richard Avedon.

Cartier

INTERNATIONALLY RENOWNED
JEWELLERS SINCE 1847

New York

Paris

London

Caracas

Palm Beach

Monte Carlo

Cannes

Fifth Avenue and 52 Street, New York 22, N. Y.



THE LINCOLN PREMIERE SEDAN

LINCOLN FOR 1956

Unmistakably the finest in the fine car field!

A SINGLE GLANCE tells you—*unmistakably*—Lincoln for 1956 has a new, pure beauty of fine car design. This longest, lowest, roomiest Lincoln of all time is truly sculpture in steel...fashioned as a harmonious unit rather than a mere assembly of parts.

Inside, too, Lincoln is unmistakably the finest. With 29 combinations of new decorator fabrics and leathers, obtainable only in Lincoln. With Lincoln's matchless touch in every appointment, every fitting, every fastening.

There's a new kind of safety-minded power in the new 285 hp. Lincoln engine—with *more usable power than in any other car*. Extra safety rides with you, too, in the renowned, road-hugging suspension system of this best-performing car...in its great array of instantly obedient power assists...in its safer balanced weight distribution.

You'll know you're riding in the finest when you drive Lincoln for 1956. Prove this to yourself *unmistakably*...at your Lincoln dealer's.

Unmistakably... LINCOLN



THE LINCOLN PREMIERE COUPE

In two completely new series: Lincoln CAPRI and the even more magnificent Lincoln PREMIERE

Lincoln for 1956 brings you all these important safety advances: retracted steering column with safety-flex steering wheel...triple strength safety-plus door locks...optional safety belts...the largest windshield in its field.

The 'Lizard-Link'

Speidel's new genuine-lizard Watch Bracelets keyed



Desert TAN—Speidel's stunning 'Lizard-Link' gives any watch, old or new, a fashion pick-up. A Speidel Original, it matchmates with Speidel's watchband for men—pared down and slenderized for you.

Leaf GREEN—'Lizard-Link' in a smart color accent for any costume. Artist's design of leather squares mounted in 10K gold-filled frames—toned yellow-gold or white-gold—to blend with jeweler's fine watches.

to American Designer Colors



Cranberry RED—Brilliant fashion accessory! The 'Lizard-Link,' with exclusive expansion links, fits any wrist. Slips on, hugs snugly. A long-lasting bracelet—nothing to fray or wear away.



ALPONGE SHEATH DRESS
BY THE GREAT
AMERICAN DESIGNER,
CLARE POTTER

Raven BLACK—The 'Lizard-Link' in a rich glossy black to be worn with any color. Each chunky link made of genuine leather: fine long-wearing lizard. Made only by Speidel—sold wherever you find fine watches.

Gives any watch, old or new, the jewel look

The smartest wrists in sight wear watch bracelets by Speidel. This season's favorite—the 'Lizard-Link'—jaunty new leather fashion for casual wear, daytime and evening. It is a Speidel Original, designed to make any watch gleam like a costly jewel. The 'Lizard-Link,' Speidel's expansion watch bracelet of genuine Oriental lizard, in the four new American Designer colors, each **\$11⁹⁵**

Fed. Tax Incl.



Fits any watch, any wrist. Gold-filled links of all 4 bracelets toned yellow-gold or white-gold to color-match your watch.

Dress well—wear

Speidel

Expansion Watch Bracelet Jewelry

AT JEWELRY AND WATCH COUNTERS EVERYWHERE.

Maximilian New York



Hat: Mr. John

Fashion Impact in Black . . . *Black-dyed Southwest African*
Persian Broadtail Lamb . . . light-weight, supple, lustrous

Holt, Rensfrew & Co. Ltd.

CANADA

Maximilian New York



Hat—Mr. John

The Medici... in *Fouke-dyed Black Alaska Fur Seal*
with leopard-lined cowl collar.

Holt, Rensfrew & Co. Ltd.

CANADA



"KENT" AND "MICRONITE" ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF P. LORILLARD COMPANY

Don't you, too, deserve Kents?

Notice how much fresher—and cleaner—and purer—Kent tastes . . . and how every Kent you light has that same good taste. For only Kent gives you the exclusive Micronite Filter—the highest-quality filter. And only the Micronite Filter refines the smoke to such smoothness . . . yet leaves in Kent's rich-tobacco flavor. A few cents more make such good sense . . . when you buy the finest of all cigarettes



*King Size
and Regular
length*

VOGUE

October 15 Trade Edition

USE VOGUE IDEAS TO PRESENT YOUR OWN FASHIONS

COUNTRY CLOTHES CHANGES *(pages 54 to 59)*

Sweaters deviated from the classic by length, bulk, fit, new necklines and new colours. . . . Country Coats in colours lighter or darker, looking fresh with the new sweaters and skirts.

Stress these subtle, but important, country clothes changes in your suburban branch stores especially. Present the new sweaters, skirts and coats as a complete look in your advertising and displays.

THE HEYDAY OF THE DRESS *(pages 76 to 81)*

Dresses shaped to make smart new costumes with the new capes, coats, jackets, stoles and with "handfuls, headfuls of fur".

Your dress department can be the basis of all your daytime fashion plans. Use the new dresses to help present your new coat silhouettes, capes, stoles, dashes of fur and new autumn accessories. Pick one especially new, smart dress from your stocks and show its three "heydays" (as Vogue does on pages 76 and 77) in your advertisements and displays.

YOUNG PARTY LOOKS *(pages 90 to 97)*

Junior-size news . . . looks fresh and pretty, all between \$25 and \$75. Young chiffons, straight whiteness, other new sheath ideas, brocades, billowing skirts on sweater tops and a black velvet coat.

Use Vogue's copy ideas and philosophy for these young party looks to present junior-size news from your own stocks in advertising and displays. Refer to Vogue's editorial pages for your accessory ideas.

OTHER VOGUE FASHION IDEAS:

The fur sleeved with a different fur . . . the small, straight fur cape . . . a short cape of blue fox to bulk over slimness . . . for parties at home: a full-length, well-sleeved dress in brilliant red . . . the suit with an elegant Oriental feeling, a coolie jacket, a cool blue . . . black velvet evening coats . . . the resplendent gold satin evening coat falling to mid-calf . . . tiered red wool, just a jot shorter than floor length, for big winter evenings . . . the new silken evening slippers, brocaded and jewelled . . . a "city-hopping" wardrobe to cover any day or evening plans . . . the newest shirt stopper, white kid-glove leather.

ON PAGE 2 of this Trade Edition Supplement . . . "Vogue Says" quotes to help sell your merchandise with Vogue's Fashion Authority.

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\$15.00 PER YEAR

ADDRESS TRADE DEPARTMENT, GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT, FOR QUANTITY RATES.

VOGUE, OCTOBER 15, 1955, VOL. 126, No. 7

Letter these “VOGUE SAYS” quotes
on your window and interior display cards.

Let what “VOGUE SAYS” headline
your advertisements and displays.

● Country Clothes

Sweaters

- VOGUE SAYS: “Sweaters—deviated from the classic by length, bulk, fit”
VOGUE SAYS: “Sweaters—melted into new necklines”
VOGUE SAYS: “Sweaters—melted into new colours”
VOGUE SAYS: “Sweaters with newly dark skirts”
VOGUE SAYS: “Sweaters with newly dark pants”
VOGUE SAYS: “The strawberry overblouse with a black skirt”
VOGUE SAYS: “The cobble-knit country jacket”
VOGUE SAYS: “The new thick, richly knit country jacket”
VOGUE SAYS: “The cashmere blazer—new in the field”
VOGUE SAYS: “The cashmere blazer—worn with black pants”

Coats

- VOGUE SAYS: “Country coats—lighter or darker”
VOGUE SAYS: “Country coats—black, navy blue, Oxford grey”
VOGUE SAYS: “The towhead country coat”
VOGUE SAYS: “Black cashmere—smartest cloth in the countryside”
VOGUE SAYS: “A country coat—one of the new blonds”
VOGUE SAYS: “Black cashmere country coat—boldly cut”

● Dresses

- VOGUE SAYS: “The heyday of the dress”
VOGUE SAYS: “The dress dashed with fur”
VOGUE SAYS: “The dress and the softly ample jacket-stole”
VOGUE SAYS: “The dress—with a fur cape”
VOGUE SAYS: “A dress-and-jacket—something more than a suit”
VOGUE SAYS: “The scarcely fitted slip-sheath dress”
VOGUE SAYS: “In dresses—a look of supple slenderness”
VOGUE SAYS: “Dress fabrics—firmness without bulk”
VOGUE SAYS: “Dresses—shaped to make smart new costumes”
VOGUE SAYS: “Dresses with handfuls, headfuls of fur”
VOGUE SAYS: “A dress—under a new not-quite-knee-length coat”
VOGUE SAYS: “The knitted dress—current fashion”

● Evening and at-home Parties

- VOGUE SAYS: “Tiered red wool—a jot shorter than floor-length”
VOGUE SAYS: “Rouge-red wool—narrow with a feeling of fullness”
VOGUE SAYS: “Mid-calf—newest length for evening dresses”
VOGUE SAYS: “Mid-calf—newest length for evening coats”
VOGUE SAYS: “The resplendent evening coat”
VOGUE SAYS: “Evening dressing—the black velvet coat”
VOGUE SAYS: “Black velvet evening coats”
VOGUE SAYS: “The velvet evening coat—ankle-length”
VOGUE SAYS: “For a party at-home—well-sleeved blue satin”
VOGUE SAYS: “For a party at-home—
a well-sleeved, full-length dress”
VOGUE SAYS: “Fresh way to dress at home—red jersey”
VOGUE SAYS: “Carnation-red velvet—warm welcome of a dress”
VOGUE SAYS: “Geranium red jersey—fresh way to dress”

● Furs

- VOGUE SAYS: “New—the fur-sleeved fur”
VOGUE SAYS: “Fur-on-fur—an established fashion”
VOGUE SAYS: “Contrasting sleeves that narrow the torso, lengthen the line”
VOGUE SAYS: “New—the small, straight cape”
VOGUE SAYS: “A cape—straight, seemingly narrow”
VOGUE SAYS: “A fur cape—softly, roundly collared”
VOGUE SAYS: “A straight cape—to wear with any narrow skirt”
VOGUE SAYS: “A straight cape—
with any full-skirted evening dress”
VOGUE SAYS: “A blue fox cape to bulk over slimness”
VOGUE SAYS: “A blue fox cape—a cosmetic for the complexion”

● Junior Sizes

- VOGUE SAYS: “Young dazzle—straight whiteness”
VOGUE SAYS: “For juniors—anklebone sheath of white jersey”
VOGUE SAYS: “For juniors—breathtaking fabric, casual lines”
VOGUE SAYS: “Young chiffon—bouffancy within bounds”
VOGUE SAYS: “Winter chiffon in strong colours”
VOGUE SAYS: “Winter chiffon—a not over-billowing shape”
VOGUE SAYS: “Chiffon—happens to pack nicely”
VOGUE SAYS: “For juniors—a flowing shape of chiffon”
VOGUE SAYS: “The sheath idea—young look”
VOGUE SAYS: “A knitted wool dinner sheath—young look”
VOGUE SAYS: “A billowing skirt on a sweater top”
VOGUE SAYS: “Short brocade—dazzling young form”
VOGUE SAYS: “A sheath, a mandarin coat—young costume”
VOGUE SAYS: “The sure-fire dress—red nylon tulle”
VOGUE SAYS: “Gold lamé—new spectacular”

● Blouses

- VOGUE SAYS: “A belted overblouse—wonderful with suits”
VOGUE SAYS: “A satin overblouse—over velvet slacks”
VOGUE SAYS: “A satin overblouse—to jacket an evening sheath”
VOGUE SAYS: “The white satin dinner shirt”
VOGUE SAYS: “Newest stopper shirt—white kid-glove leather”
VOGUE SAYS: “The dinner bodice—of black wool jersey”
VOGUE SAYS: “The good surplice blouse—in wrap-around form”
VOGUE SAYS: “The shirt idea—spreading out at the collar”

● Evening Shoes

- VOGUE SAYS: “Evening dressing—the sparkling shoe”
VOGUE SAYS: “Evening slippers—brocaded, jewelled”
VOGUE SAYS: “Jewelled black silk shoes—to embellish evenings”

**QUOTE VOGUE
and SELL
FASHION**

Your release date: October 13



VAN CLEEF & ARPELS

World-Famous French Jewelers

744 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK • DALLAS • PALM BEACH • PARIS • MONTE CARLO • CANNES • DEAUVILLE • CARACAS

Sybil



Gifts of magnificence . . .

White Shoulders . . . Golden Shadows . . . Most Precious

Heavenly Nights



*Moonmist...
inlaid mother-of-pearl
and transparent vinylite.*



*Evening Star...
a melange of metallic kidskin,
rhinestones and sheer vinylite.*



Titche's
of Dallas

TITCHE-GOETTINGER CO.

New, New, Newton Elkin Footwear . . . available in Dallas exclusively in Titché's New "Texas-Size" Shoe Salon

Umpa

WORLD'S FINEST DARK RANCH MINK



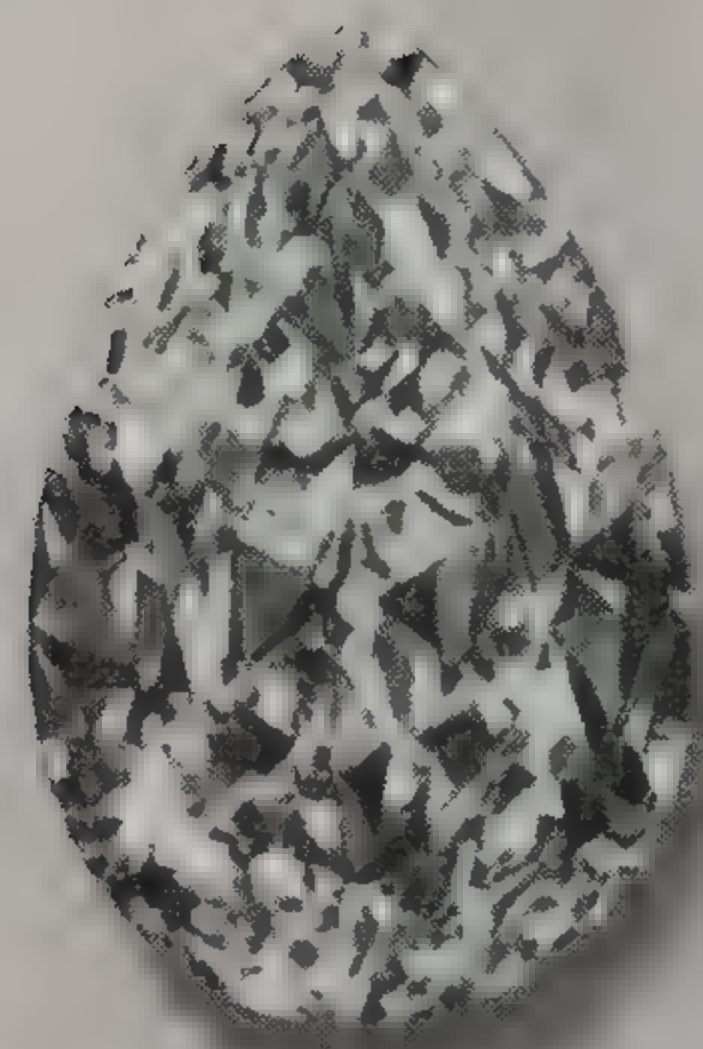
jewels—CARTIER

UMPA-United Mink Producers Association

Sweep of midnight sky with starry highlights...in
the rich natural black of dark UMPA ranch mink splendidly
displayed in a heavenly coat gracefully designed.

Revillon

Revillon Frères, New York • Paris • and leading stores



The Winston Diamond



rare jewels of the world

7 EAST 51ST STREET, NEW YORK



HARRY WINSTON

INC.

EUROPEAN OFFICE

24 GRAND QUAI, GENEVA SWITZERLAND



you owe
it to
your
audience



HIDDEN INFLUENCES . . . NEXT-OF-SKIN BEAUTY IN KAYSER'S JUBILEE LINGERIE, HEWING TO THE LINE OF THE NEW SILHOUETTE. DOUBLY SIGNIFICANT AS OUTSTANDING FASHION OF THIS SEASON . . . AS THE CROWNING SUCCESS OF 75 YEARS OF FASHION LEADERSHIP

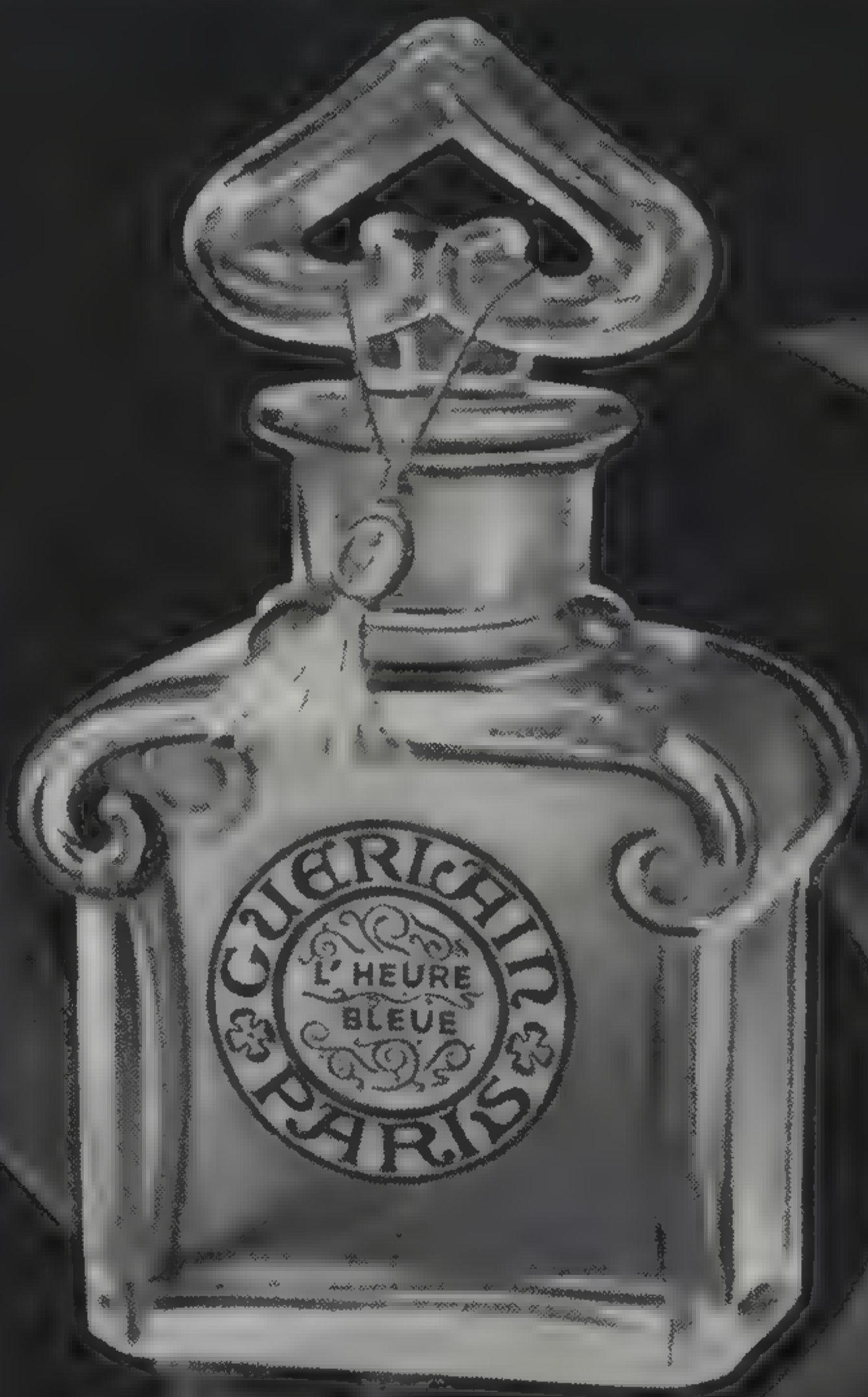
LINGERIE *by* **KAYSER**

Facing page: Rise of the Empire waistline . . . in a velvet-piped, waltz length nylon sheer ensemble. Nightie, 14.95; matching peignoir, 16.95.
Above left: Slim-Jim slip . . . in nylon tricot, lace-enriched at hem and surplice bodice. 8.95. *Above right:* Taut-torso . . . A-line petticoat, bellling out in tiers. 8.95. All in jubilee pink, powder pink or white.

SHALIMAR

L'HEURE BLEUE

VOL DE NUIT



*No other gift
will give her greater pleasure
than perfume by*

*Guerlain
Parfumeur*

Shalimar \$8, \$14, \$25, \$45, \$67.50 • L'Heure Bleue Mitsouko \$9, \$15, \$27, \$40 • Vol de Nuit \$15, \$30. Prices plus tax

Member of the Fragrance Foundation, Inc.

Sylvan Rich

USES LACES FROM FRANCE

for the best parties of the year.

*Two pretty ideas—lace and tulle,
light and shadow,*

drawn together magnificently.

Left \$225. and right \$175.



De Pinna, New York •

Bonwit Teller, Philadelphia •

Julius Garfinckel, Washington, D. C.

J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles •

Montaldo, all stores •

Sandals by DeLiso Debs

Also see page 130 for other stores, or write MARTINI DESIGNED, INC. 498 Seventh Avenue, New York 18, New York

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING

NEXT TO YOU ...



2



1.

3

* Lily of France

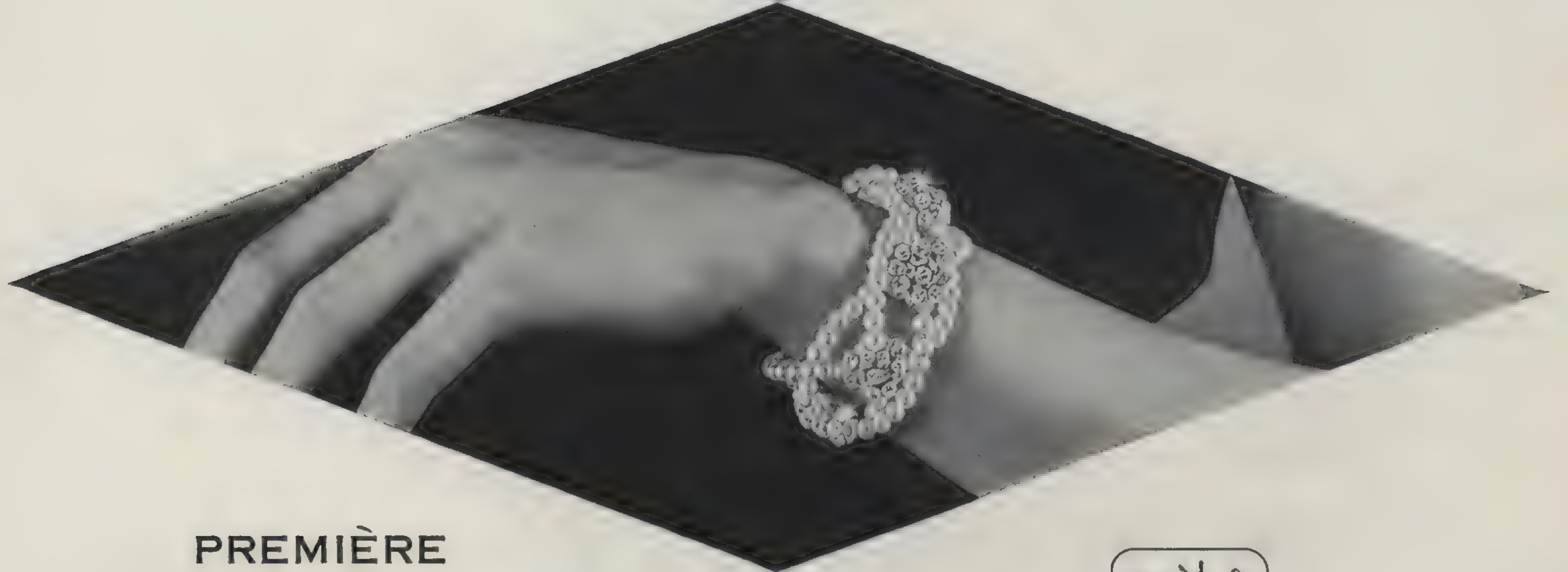
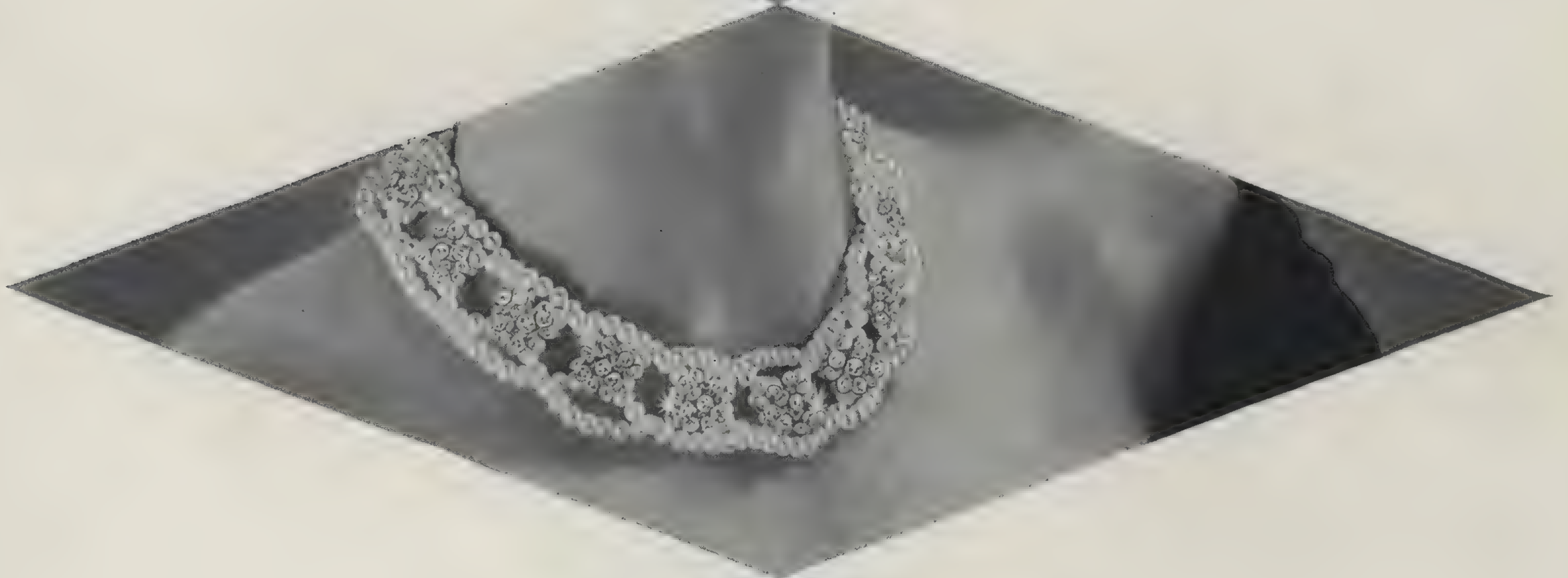
... and the most fashionable, too.

Knowing that a fashion silhouette must start with the correct foundation, Lily of France works with the great designers at the very inception of a new fashion line. That's why a Lily of France foundation underscores the new clothes so beautifully... adapting every nuance of your figure to the long, lovely torso line that today's fashion demands.

1. Enhance Torso Bra, new miracle of beauty and freedom in power net, **16.50**
2. Cormiere Hi-waist girdle of power net, lavished with a front panel of imported Alencon lace over peau de soie, **25.00**
Lilees strapless nylon lace bra, **5.00**
3. Exquisitely detailed Cormiere with penline piping on nylon satin and power net, **22.50**
Color-coordinated Lilees Bra with matching detail, and deep V decolletage, **7.50**
4. Enhance "Wonderful One" in power net, average or long lengths, **27.50**
With straps, **25.00**

All in black or white,
at the finest store in your city.





PREMIÈRE

... an absolutely incendiary necklace that might easily outshine anything in the Diamond Horseshoe at the Met
 ... luminous mock pearls looped around starry rhinestone centers. The Première Necklace **\$20** and for a glorious constellation add the Earrings **\$5** and the Bracelet **\$12**.

plus fed. tax



by **La Tausca**

at leading department and specialty stores • La Tausca Sperry, Inc., 411 Fifth Avenue, New York

DRESS BY HANNAH TROY




emba autumn haze natural brown mutation mink...designed by **christian dior**, new york



*Trademark mutation mink breeders association jewels—CARTIER virginia thoren

high-collared cutaway bolero, fashion excitement in the rich natural beauty of the world's finest brown mutation mink, emba autumn haze*
HALLE BROS., CLEVELAND • FREDERICK & NELSON, SEATTLE • STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER, PHILADELPHIA • IN CANADA ONLY AT HOLT, RENFREW & CO., LTD.



From France . . .
exciting discoveries in beauty

ORLANE

now in America!

When French women of taste think of cosmetics,
they think of Orlane...cherished ally of the
continent's great beauties.

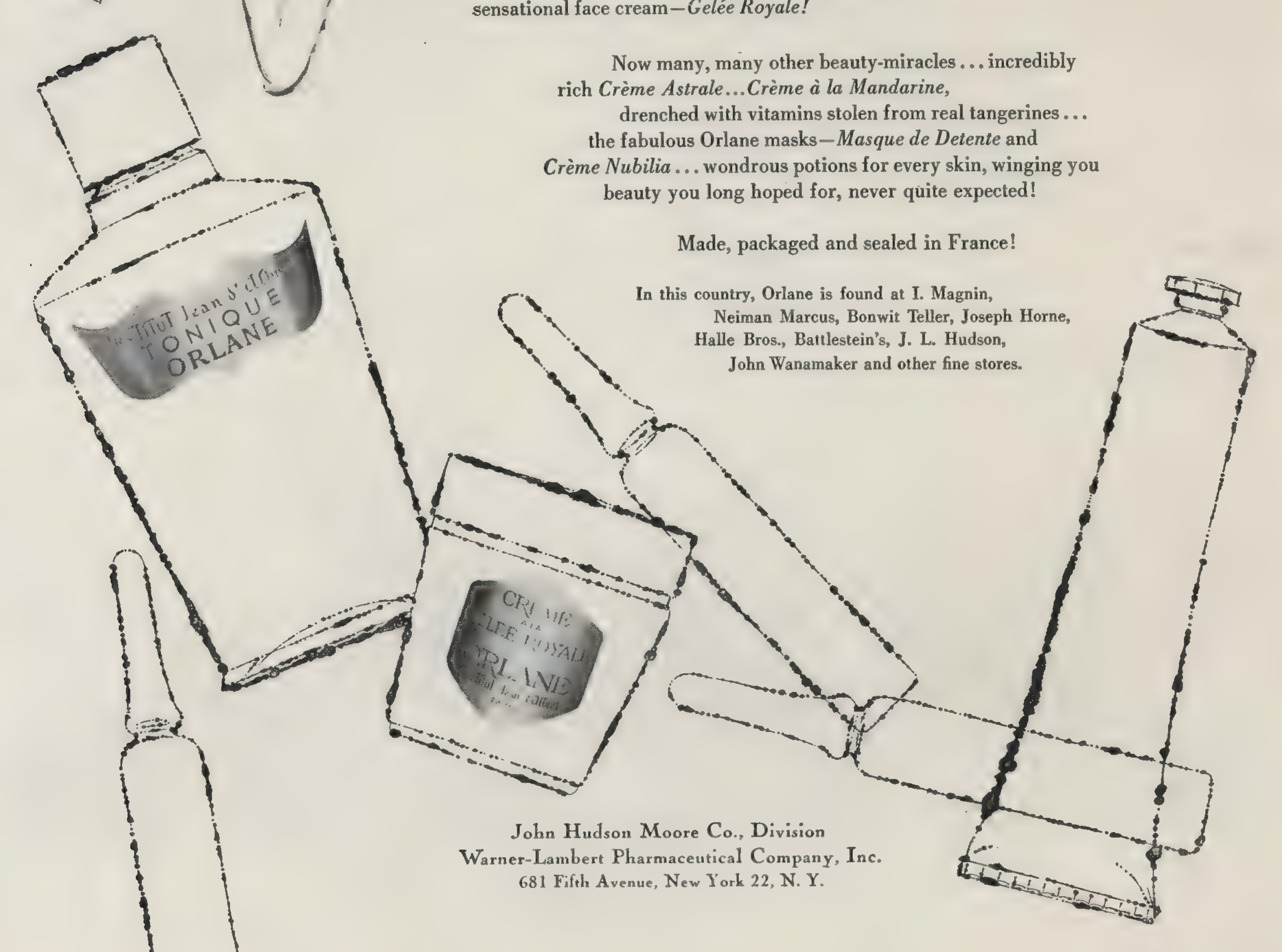
Now wonderful news for America's beauty-aware women—
Orlane is here! It introduces a truly unusual series
of preparations, whose delicately-tinted pink jars
and vials hold some of the most amazing discoveries to
emerge from French laboratories in several decades!

It was Orlane, you remember, who first introduced
the vitalizing jelly of the queen bee into a
sensational face cream—*Gelée Royale*!

Now many, many other beauty-miracles...incredibly
rich *Crème Astrale*...*Crème à la Mandarine*,
drenched with vitamins stolen from real tangerines...
the fabulous Orlane masks—*Masque de Detente* and
Crème Nubilia...wondrous potions for every skin, winging you
beauty you long hoped for, never quite expected!

Made, packaged and sealed in France!

In this country, Orlane is found at I. Magnin,
Neiman Marcus, Bonwit Teller, Joseph Horne,
Halle Bros., Battlestein's, J. L. Hudson,
John Wanamaker and other fine stores.



John Hudson Moore Co., Division
Warner-Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, Inc.
681 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

emba lutetia  natural gunmetal mutation mink, designed by maximilian, new york



*trademark mutation mink breeders association jewels—van cleef and arpels virginia thoren

the grand manner...sweeping magnificence in the glorious bronzy depths of the world's most prized natural gunmetal mutation mink, emba lutetia*
MAXIMILIAN, 20 WEST 57th STREET, NEW YORK. • HOLT, RENFREW & CO. LTD., CANADA



bur-milCameo

Your stockings, your make-up and You

... all in the same Cosmetic Circle

The Cosmetic Circle surrounds you with fashion
glamour . . . and your Bur-Mil Cameo stockings are part
of it. These are the stockings especially blended to

flatter your complexion. Bur-Mil Cameo sheer
nylon stretch stockings in "Skin Tone" colors

fit beautifully, wear beautifully because they

Shape-2-U

sheer nylon stretch stockings

At the nicest stores. \$1.35 to \$1.95 a pair

BURLINGTON HOSIERY CO.  A MEMBER OF *Burlington*
INDUSTRIES

PATENT APPLICATIONS FOR THESE PRODUCTS AND THEIR METHOD OF MANUFACTURE HAVE BEEN MADE IN THE U. S. PATENT OFFICE AND THE PATENT OFFICES OF THE PRINCIPAL FOREIGN COUNTRIES • ©1955 B.H.C.

AMERICA GLITTERS IN ALICE STUART SEPARATES! The beauty of India and sprinklings from the Maharajah's gold combine in pure silk separates that dance and shimmer with exotic appeal. Push-up sleeve blouse, about \$11 . . . with bouffant skirt, about \$18 . . . in turquoise or white ablaze with black and gold. Mandarin blouse, about \$9 . . . with dagger-slim skirt, about \$15 . . . in white, black, turquoise or shocking pink, lavish with gold. Everything, taffeta-lined, sizes 10 to 16. ALICE STUART, 525 Seventh Avenue, New York 18.

Bloomingdale's, New York; Marshall Field, Chicago; Halle Bros., Cleveland; Sanger Bros., Dallas; J. L. Hudson, Detroit; G. Fox, Hartford; D. H. Holmes, New Orleans; Miller & Rhoads, Richmond; Famous & Barr, St. Louis; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.

alice Stuart



ONE OF THE "AMERICAN LIVING" SERIES.



fashion...from the word **go!**

Haymakers®
the softest shoes that ever walked.

†† SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES *TRADEMARK OF HAYMAKER SHOE CORP. † PLUS FEDERAL TAX

Coming, going, always in transit... the Haymaker shoe, sleek fashion profile hand-crafted in one seamless shell of fine kip-calfskin. Pump, wedge-tie or oxford, \$14.95 and \$15.95.†† The same mellow key: Haymaker* bags, designed by Roger Van S

for Fall's newest casual clothes... in shoulder or satchel style, about \$12†. The gloves, Haymakers too, about \$7. All in ripe Fall colors. At fine stores everywhere. For store nearest you, write Haymaker Shoe Corp., Dept. V10, 47 West 34th St., N.Y.

Because you love
nice things . . .



Gown #8833 in Cloud White, Dawn Glow Pink and Blue Horizon. Sizes 32-38. \$18.95. Peignoir #8809 in matching colors. Small, medium, large. \$18.95

Bridal sweet—reserved for you Van Raalte's bridal ensemble

Whether you're making out the wedding list, or just in love—you'll want to reserve this look as part of your plans. Both peignoir and nightgown are done in caressingly soft nylon Illusion tricot and—like all our fabrics, we made it ourselves. Both have embroidered collars with scalloped Alencon lace edging to fall softly as a kiss on your shoulder. The same lovely lace finishes the push-up peignoir

sleeves—the embroidered flounce that flowers out at the bottom of the nightgown. If you're an unabashed romantic, see this boudoir ensemble today at your favorite store.

Van Raalte

LINGERIE • STOCKINGS • GLOVES



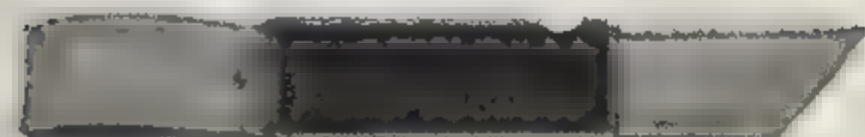
Fashion's finest accent...warm, lustrous, simulated pearls in 3-tone ombres of Fall's pet shades. 1 strand choker...\$3. • 2 strand choker...\$6. • 3 strand choker...\$8. • Cuff bracelet...\$3. • Earrings at \$2. • At better stores everywhere. Prices plus tax.

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WITH CAREFREE COAT
OF EMBROIDERED
ORLON FLEECE

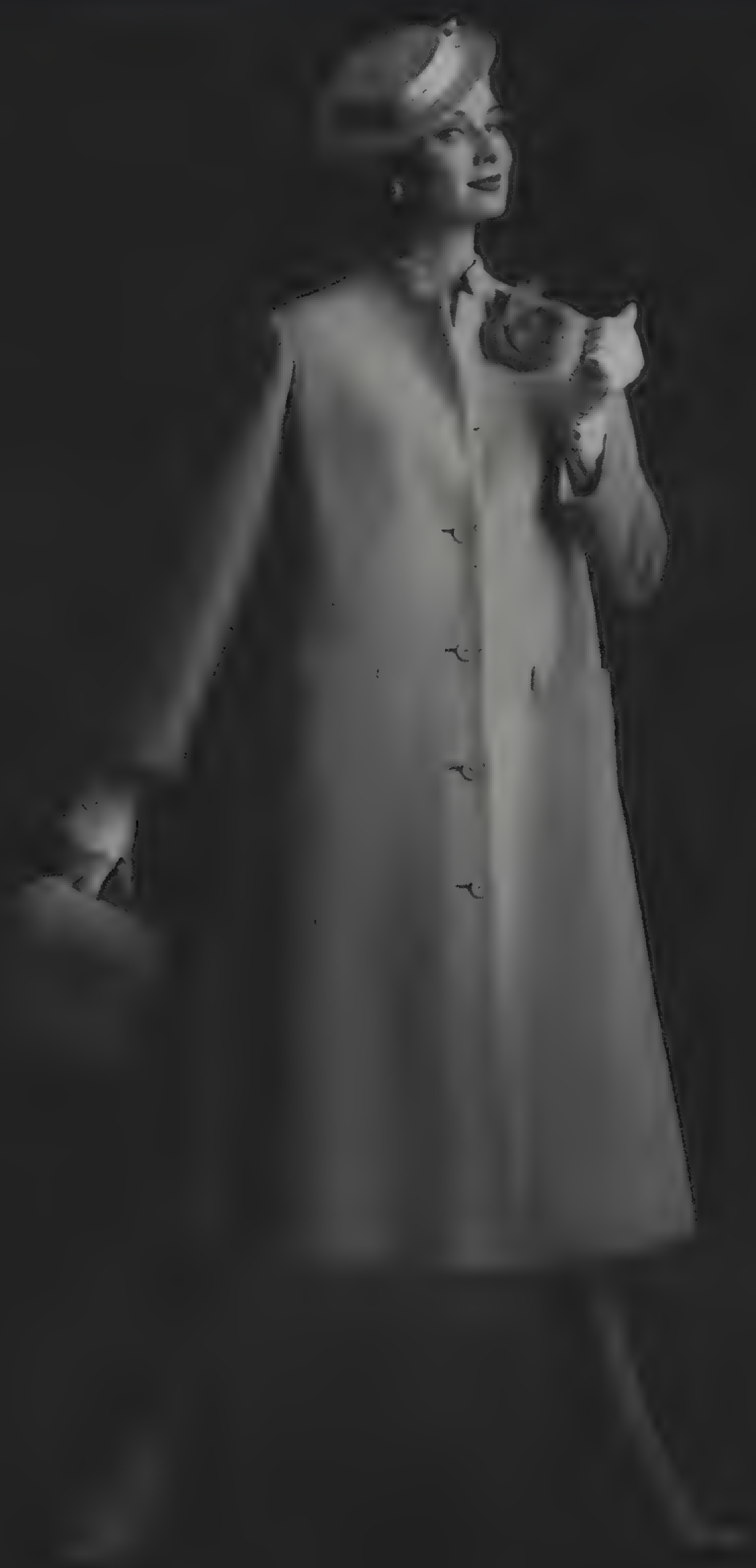
Just one of the lighthearted love songs in lingerie created by Munsingwear... coat of washable orlon; pajamas of nylon tricot; set, \$29.95

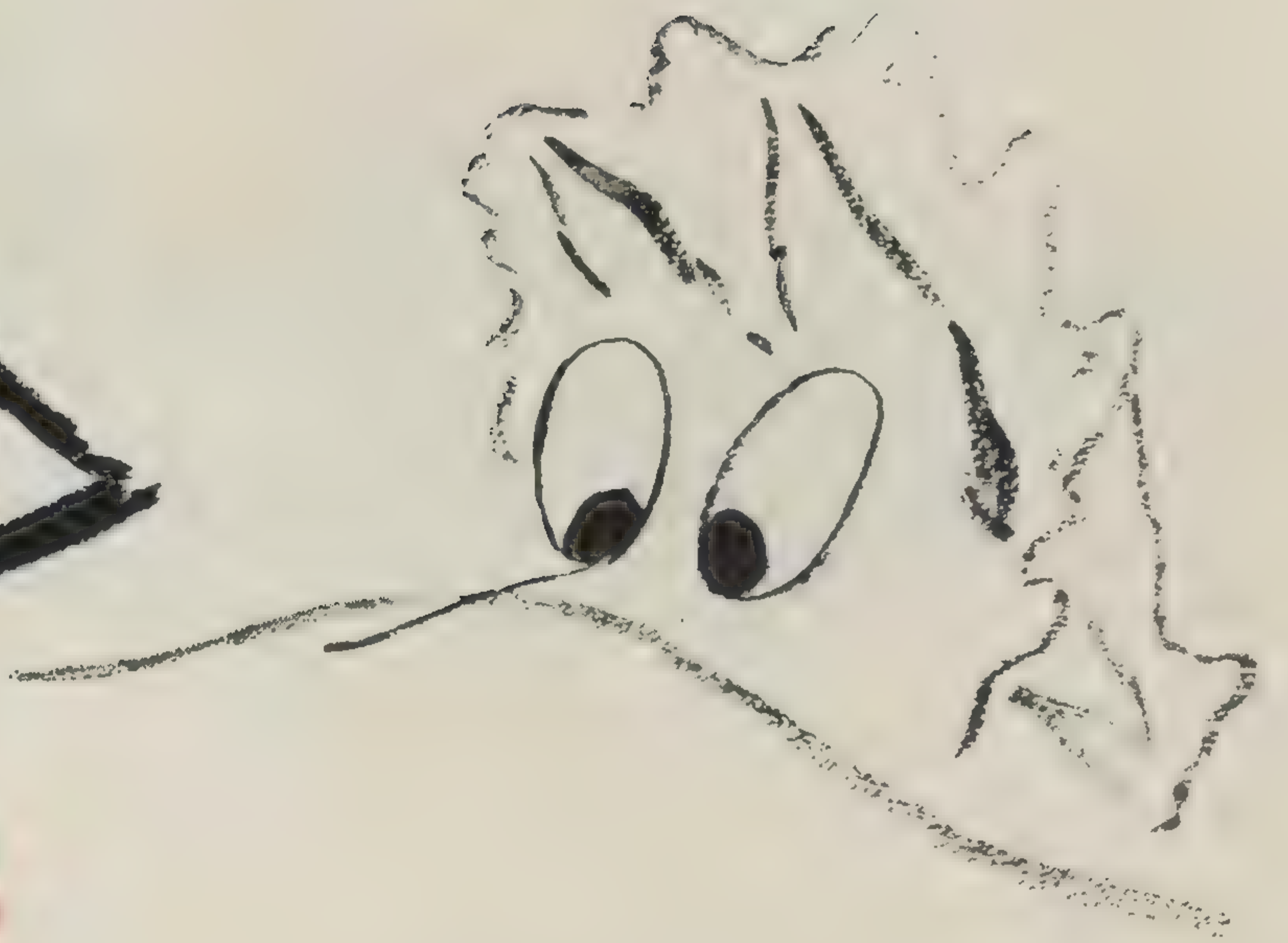
BLUMENFELD

IT'S AN

Originala

hat by John Frederics





GRANDMA !
WHAT BIG EYES
YOU HAVE
FOR MY
SEAMLESS
STOCKINGS

by *James*

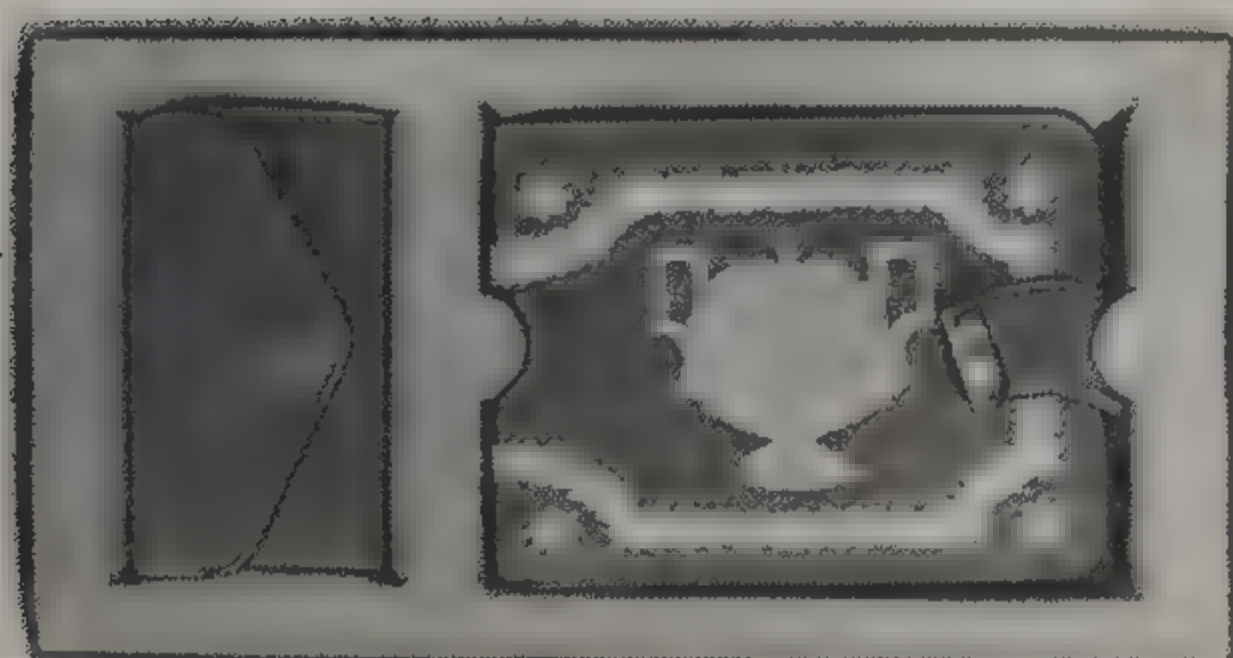
bolri

Tres Chic
Lilly DACHE'

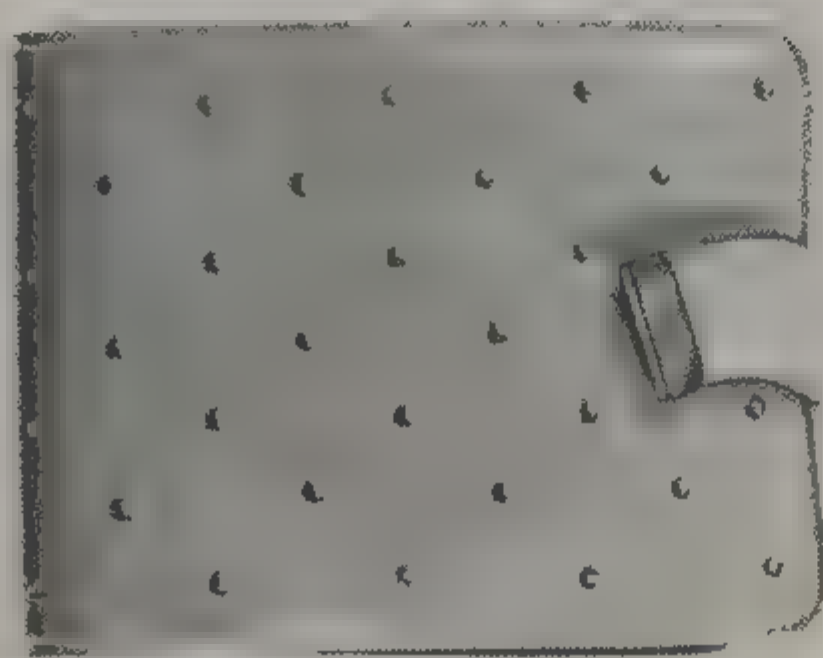
and

ARISTOCRAT BELLEFOLDS

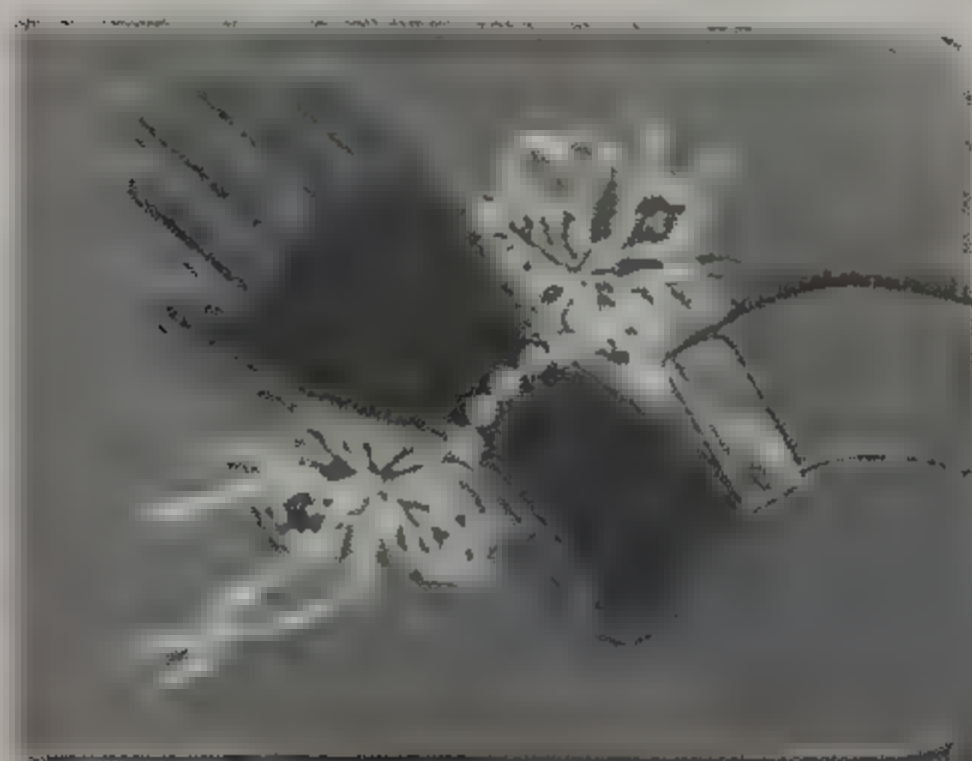
That Sparkle with Continental Flair
Rendered in Vinyl Satin and Calf



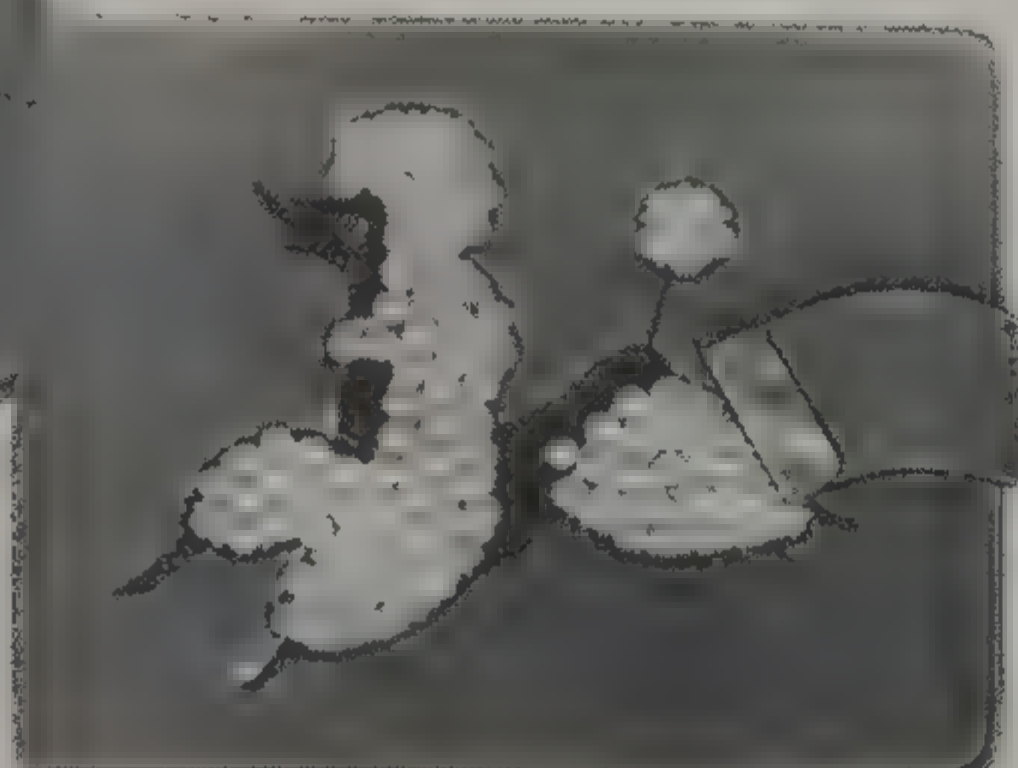
#1940—Wedgewood design . . . wallet and key case gift set.



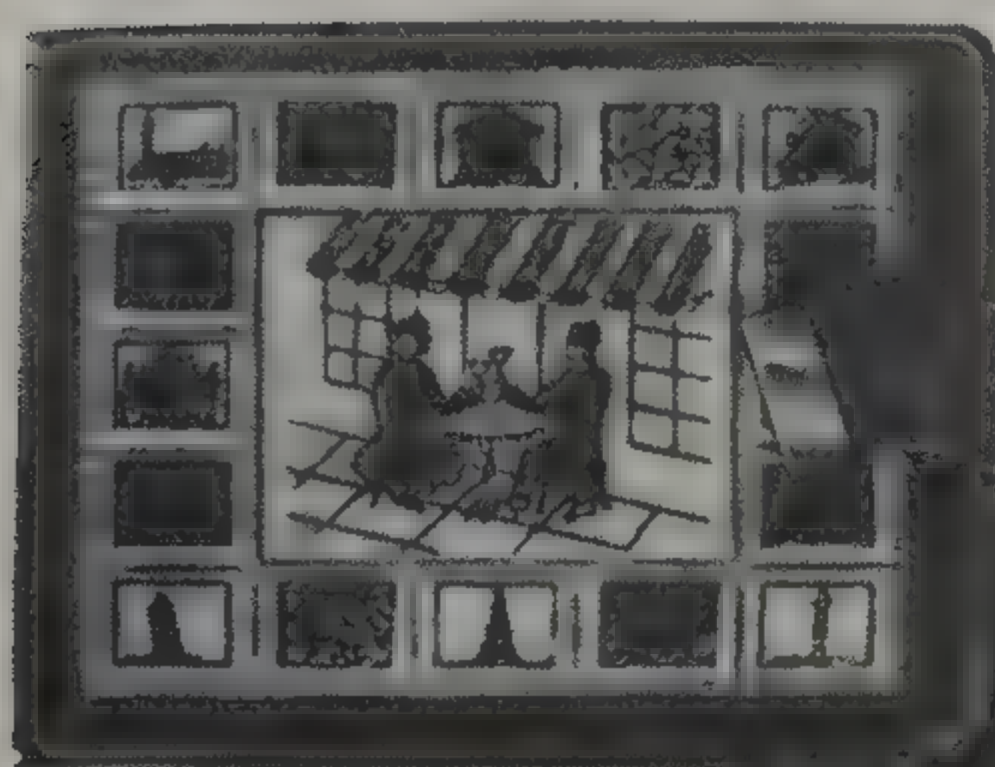
#506—Studded nailheads on calf . . . gold tab closure.



#535—The Velvet Glove designed on satin.

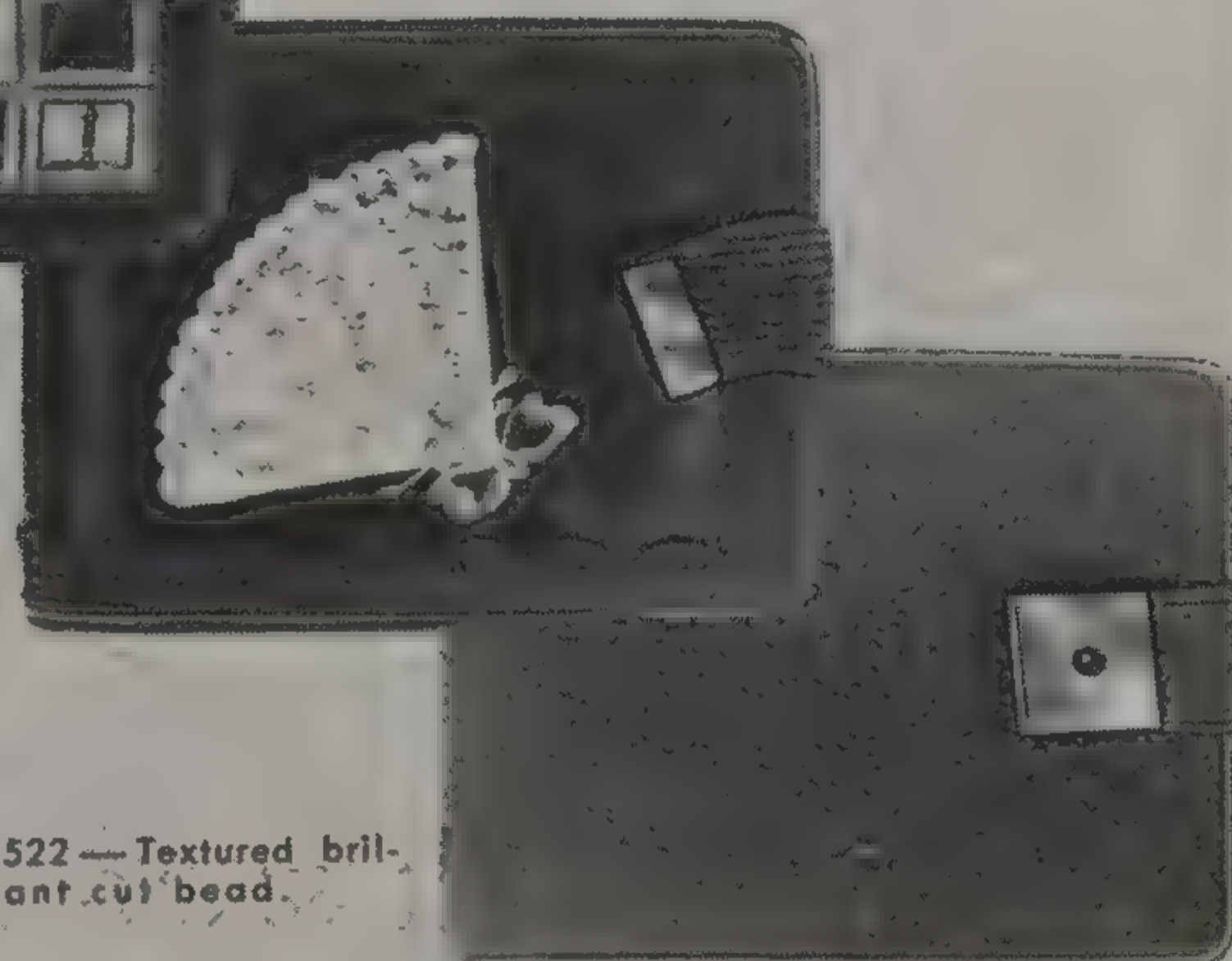


#562—Pearl studded poodle design on satin.



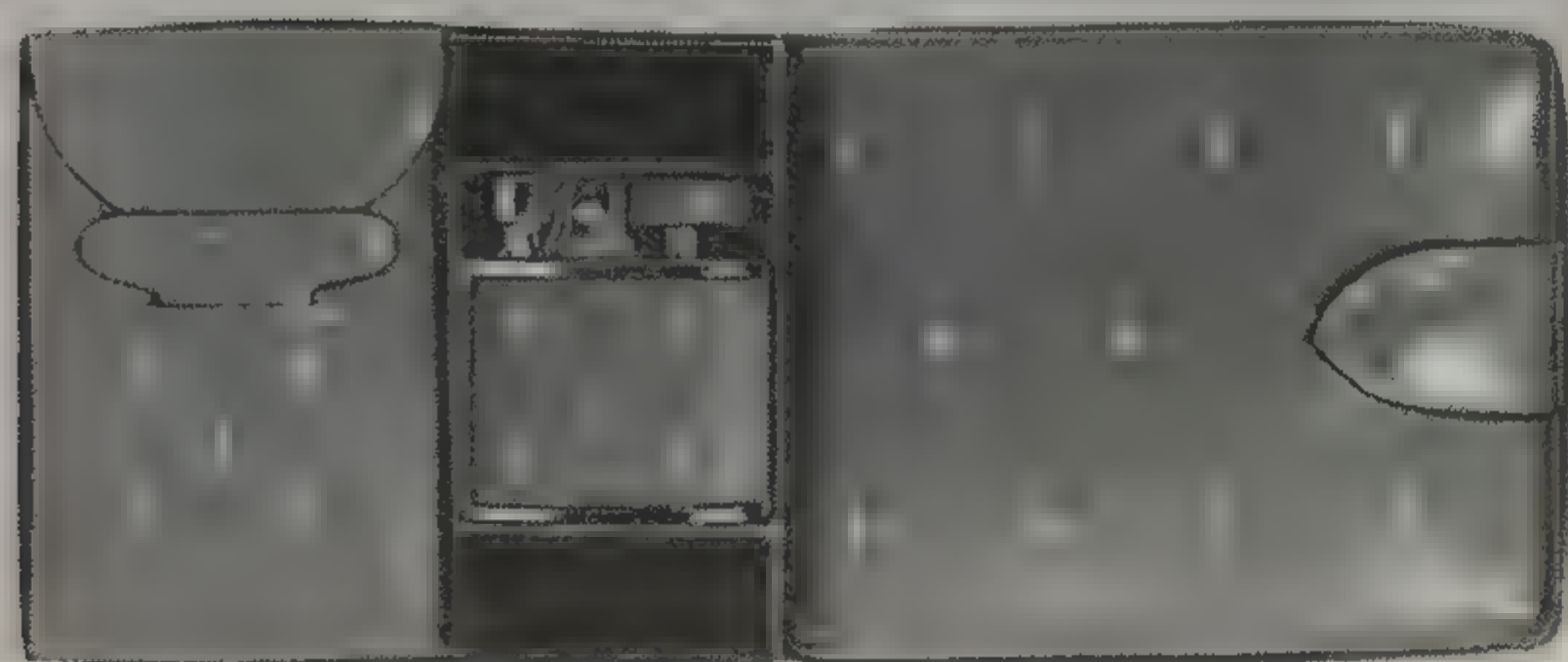
#544—Multi colored cafe scene with pearl studded tiles.

#577—Fandango pattern on satin.



#522—Textured brilliant cut bead.

\$1⁰⁰



#12204—Handsome 3 piece gift set of matching wallet, king size cigarette case and automatic lighter. Fleur de lis design on calf. Red, blue, antique white, turquoise.

\$2⁰⁰
SET

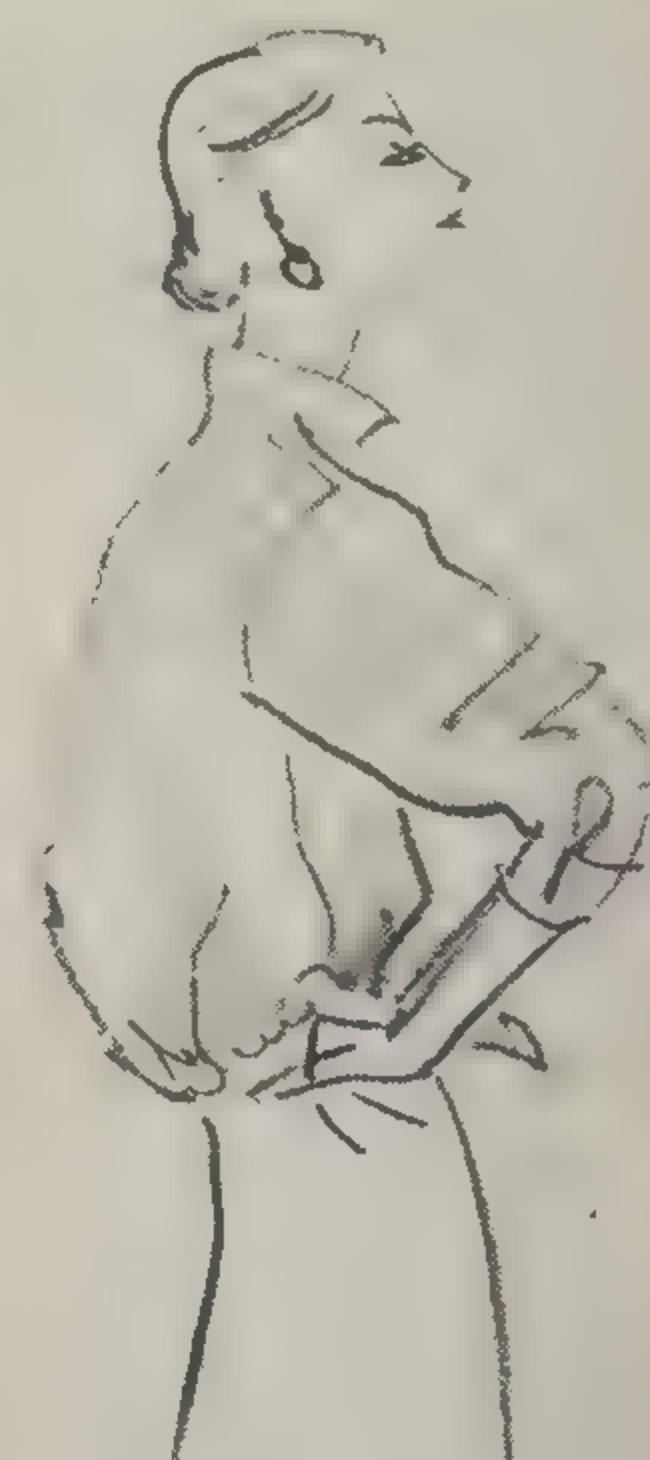
ARISTOCRAT

Fashion collected by blouse

1. A belted overblouse that's wonderful with suits—a matter of close cut, the hem that tucks in or out. And it's an asset when prettiness is the main requirement (becoming neckline that shows two or three inches of a woman's neck—definition of flattery to many people). Try it for this winter's country evenings, with a blanket-plaid skirt. Blouse, with its own belt, by Lloyd, of taupe Heller worsted jersey, \$12. Bonwit Teller.
2. A white satin overblouse to pull down smartly over black velvet slacks for evenings at home; or to wear as a jacket for a little evening sheath. This crisp cut of blouse, buttoning in front, is by Haymaker, of an Estron acetate satin by Skinner. \$12. Ready at Altman's after November 1.
3. Delicate little day-in-the-country blouse, beige cotton printed with aquamarine. By Rhoda Lee, of Springmaid cotton broadcloth. \$4. Stern's.
4. Another country-day blouse—white cotton cuffed and edged up to a turtle neck with green cotton ribbing. Nice crisp topping for any tweed skirt, any grey flannels. By Contessa of a Berkshire fabric, \$4. Stern's.



1



2



3



4

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world's fastest liner, s.s. United States*



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Dine in Paris, London, New Orleans—the menu, studied here by Mr. and Mrs. George S. Kaufman and Tennessee Williams, is a gourmet's guide to Continental and American cuisine . . . caviar from Iran, Dover sole, juicy, inches-thick American steak.



Luggage? You can take 25 cubic feet free. Your car can sail with you at special baggage rates. Your only problem is a choice of pleasures on either of America's "Big Two." You arrive rested, relaxed after a gala crossing with a gay "Who's Who."

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*Also arrives Bremerhaven 6th day.

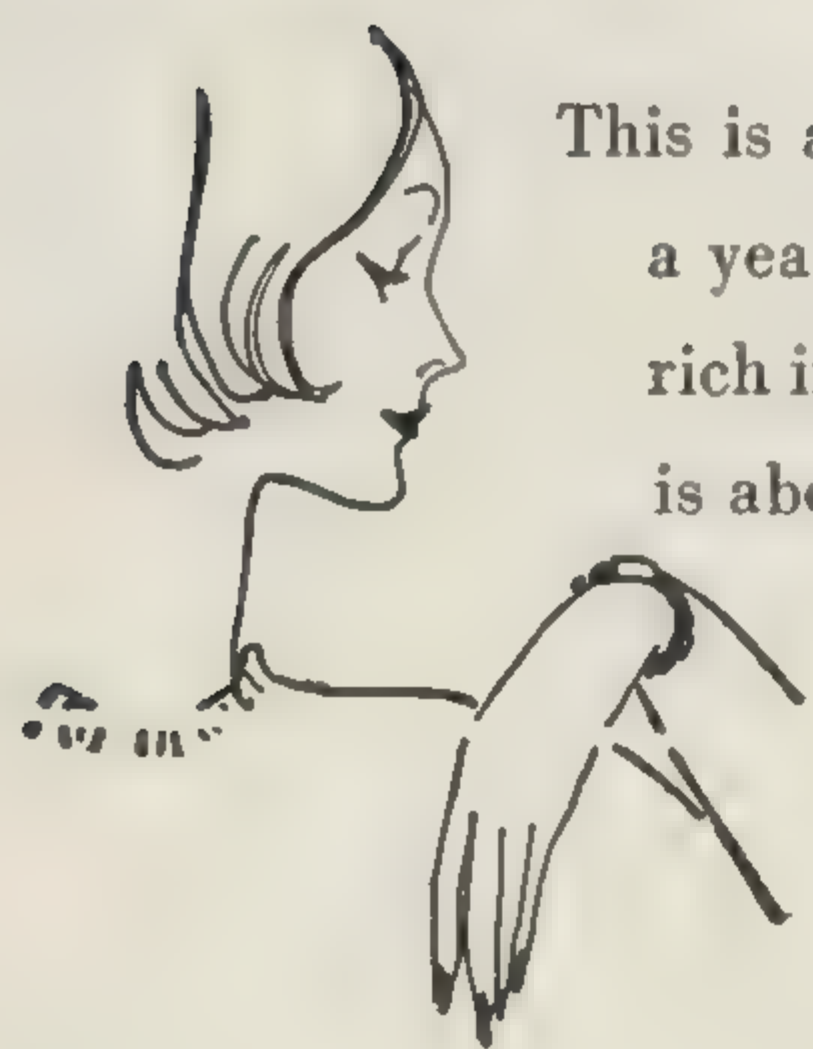
s.s. America Favorite of experienced travelers. Sails from New York: Oct. 20, Dec. 9, Dec. 30, and regularly thereafter. 5½ days to Cobh, 6½ to Havre, 7 to Southampton, 8 to Bremerhaven. *First Class \$295 up; Cabin \$200 up; Tourist \$160 up.*

Offices also in: Baltimore, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Los Angeles, Montreal, Norfolk, Philadelphia, St. Louis, San Francisco, Seattle, Toronto, Vancouver, Washington, D. C.

Sweater care, unravelled here



PAUL HIMMEL



This is a soap opera, written especially for a year of sweater news (and for an issue rich in country sweaters). The lady above is about to wash a wool sweater—beautifully—in about five minutes' time, and with a whole new set of sweater-washing directions. The directions begin with a product called "Woolite," a

cold-water soap in powder form. (Incidentally, the reason it's called a "cold-water" soap is not that it can't take hot water, but because hot water's no place for a good

sweater to be.)

Sweaters

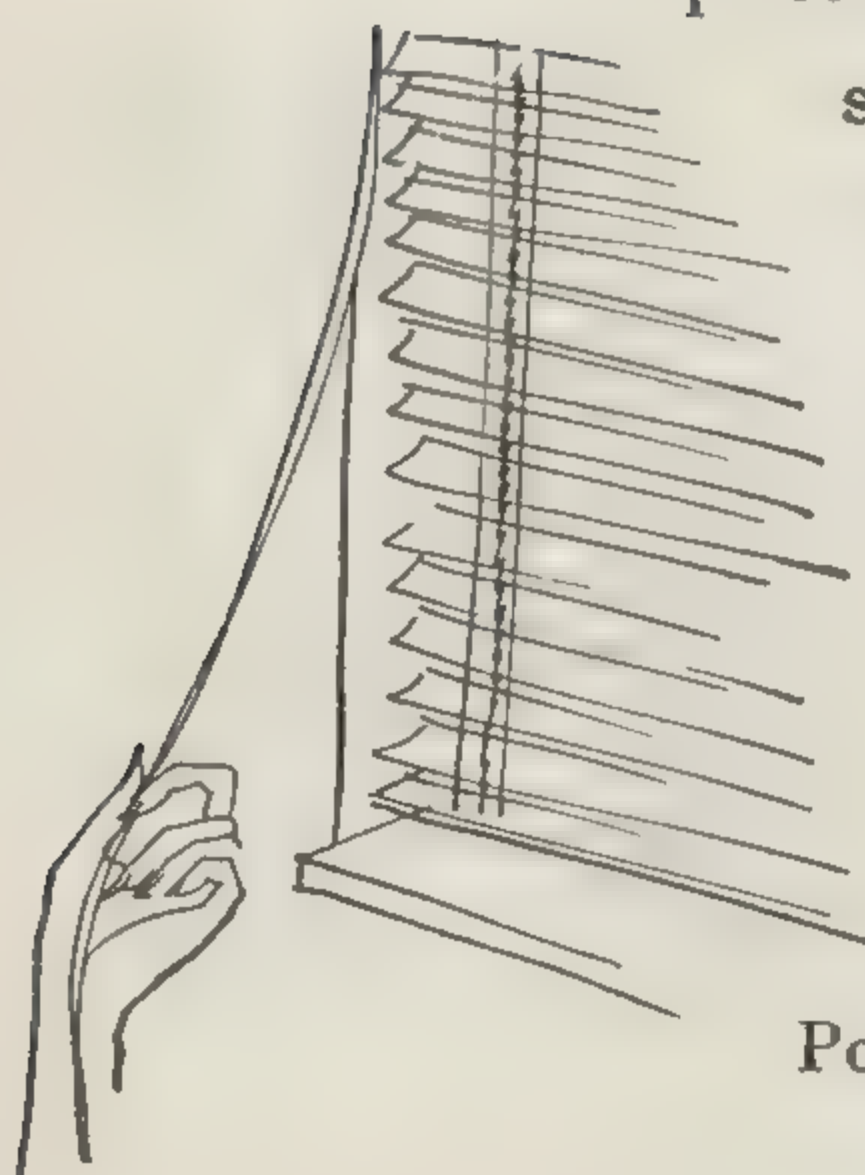
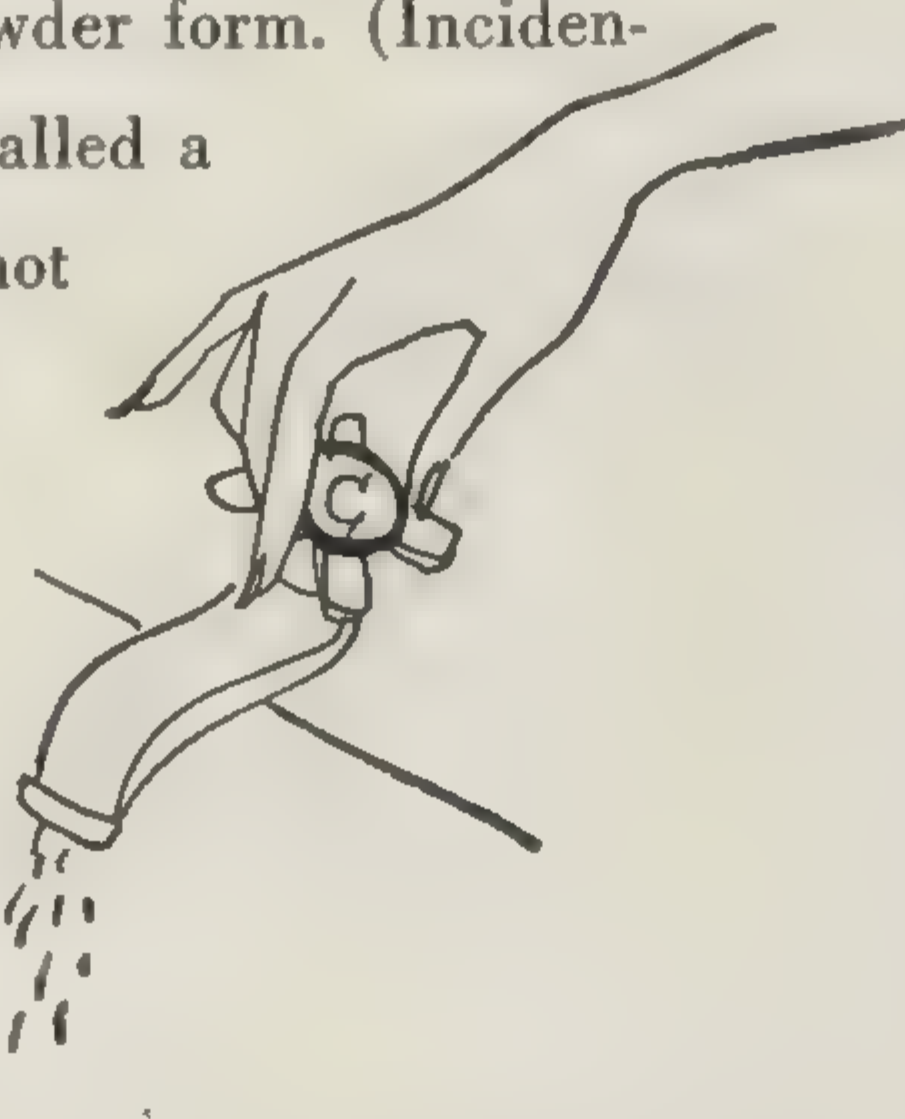
should

soak for about three minutes; then have a rinse or two; then be

patted out on a towel, away from sunlight. Any blocking? None—

and this way, no mental blocks.

Pound tin, \$1.50. Saks Fifth Avenue.



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SPORT SHIRT Pure masculinity in virgin wool. Pick your plaid or color. About \$12.95

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D Discoveries in beauty



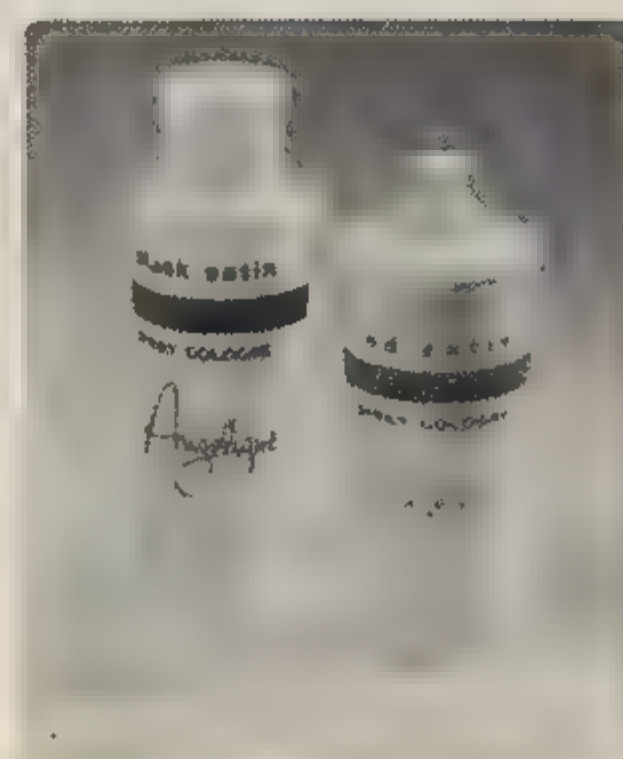
The news in this masque is that it's a cream—and remains creamy on the skin. One of Kathleen Mary Quinlan's revised treatment formulas (the series is called Balanced Beauty), this helps restore the skin's moisture, leaves it supple, ready for make-up. I. Magnin.



Rigaud has done a small favour for the women who are devotees of the perfume, Un Air Embaumé. They've designed a trim *flacon* that can be carried as handily as a lipstick. It's filled with one-third ounce of perfume and fits neatly in a vest pocket-sized sheath. Bonwit Teller.



Arpège in cloud form. This formation drifts out of a box filled by Lanvin with a delicious body sachet. Fluffed on with its own enormous white puff, this could be the first silken thing you slip into after a bath. The box itself makes handsome décor with a deep-fitting black lid. At Bloomingdale's.



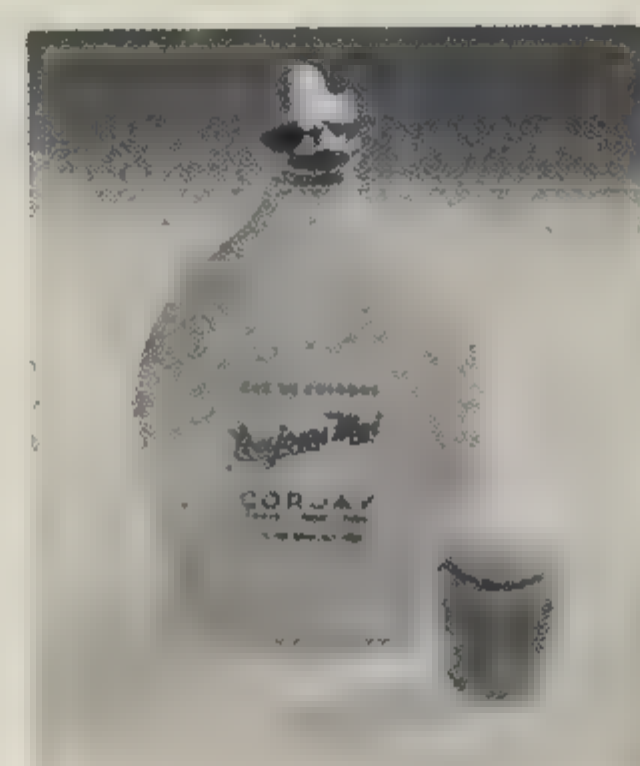
The new gesture in applying fragrance is—a flick of the finger. Women have learned that fragrance, sprayed on, seems more intense, increased in staying power. With this in mind, Angelique has designed a new spray bottle with good, clean-cut looks for their colognes. The fragrances—the four famous Satins: Red, Gold, White, Black. All, at Lord & Taylor.



A snowy cake of soap—and several good reasons why it should be in one's soap dish. First, the bar has been contoured to fit the palm of the hand. It's French milled, meaning: it lasts, has a creamy lather. Then, it's gently scented with Camellia. What to order? Wisley's box of four Savon des Fleurs. At Stern's.



A gilt metal sunburst that holds pretty lighting effects for the complexion. The face powder is Germaine Monteil's light-filled Superglow in its newest form—a solid spill-proof cake. The flattery here—a silky texture, lessened shadows. Bonwit Teller.



A perfume impossible to imitate—that's the famous reputation of Corday's Toujours Moi. And now, the rare temperament that has kept this fragrance a classic for so many years is perfectly repeated in an eau de cologne. This, happily adjusted to everyday use in a plastic-coated spray bottle that fits the hand. Altman's.

MIEHLMANN

Mink-made . . . or man-made . . .



LEFT: TOPAZ MINK, DESIGNED BY J. WEINIG & SON

RIGHT: FABULOUS FUR-LIKE OLLEGRO BY PRINCETON KNITTING MILLS

Spray-clean them at home with **FUR FROST**™

Keep your furs looking new and spot-clean deep-pile fabrics like Princeton's fabulous fur-like Ollegro at home with FUR FROST, a master furrier's formula for cleaning furs!

FOR FURS: Precious furs and fur trims need frequent cleaning to retain softness and luster . . . but you hate to lose wearing time—to say nothing of the cost! Now give them *regular* care with FUR FROST. All you do is spray on FUR FROST mist. This "floats" the embedded soil and grease—which a gentle wiping and quick brushing remove. Your fur is left silken soft, sparkling clean. FUR FROST

is excellent to mothproof furs for home storage!

FOR PILE FABRICS: If your "fur" is one of those man-made miracles—it, too, requires "furrier-method" cleaning. Now spot-clean Princeton's Ollegro and other furry fabrics *instantly* with FUR FROST . . . keep even palest pastels fresh all the wearing season! Each application costs only pennies.

Large 12 oz. can does dozens of cleaning jobs, only \$4.95. Buy FUR FROST at all fine shops or write WHITE FROST CHEMICALS, INC., 41 West 58th Street, New York, N. Y.

FUR FROST is the only spot-cleaner recommended by Princeton for its fabulous fur-like,

Ollegro



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SKIRT \$55.00 Pure silk taffeta, permanently pleated. Available in sizes 10 thru 18. Specify waist measurement. Black or Taupe.



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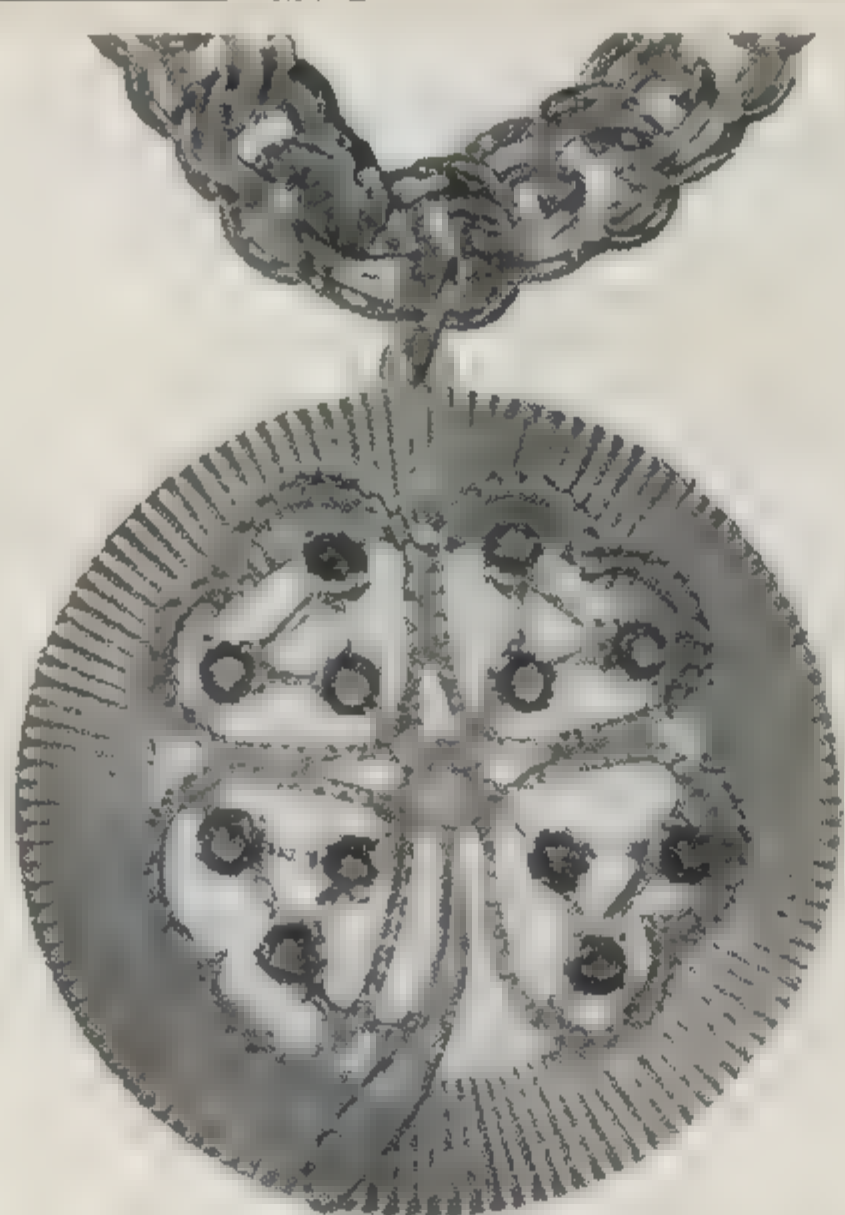
Or you may choose from her latest creations finished to your individual measurements.

• The long torso corsette, shown, with its smooth flowing contoured lines is of black Chantilly lace and French lace elastic, the wired brassiere cup is of matching lace. Underlined with pink nylon net—lace edging and ruffles. Other colors: Vison (french mink) Egg Shell and Beige Rose.

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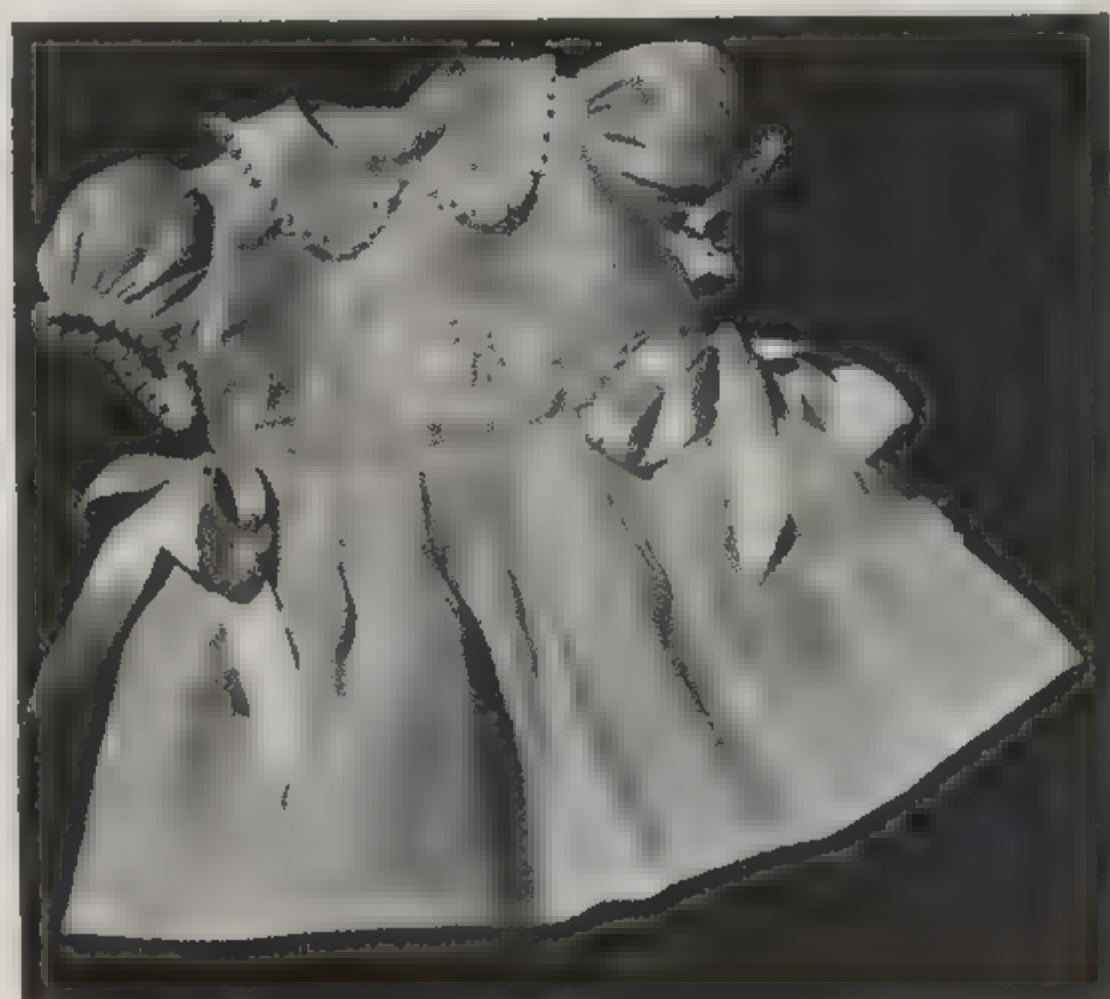
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SHOP

Right: Gently becoming coiffure executed with gentle skill. There are soft waves at the temples, then the hair sweeps softly up at the back; is drawn smoothly back from the brow on top.

By Anthony Migliaro
at his new salon,

740 Madison Avenue, New York 21.



Left: Fashion knitted-in—a knitted dress for little dinner parties, any number of evenings at home. Scooped-neck blouse with a nice, wide V, a softly flaring skirt. Both, sizes 10 to 16, in pale grey or black. Blouse, \$14.95; skirt, \$29.95 ppd. Clothes Horse, 58 E. 58th Street, New York 22.

Right: Simplest thing in the world, (but, as it turns out, not always to find) the opera pump with slender graceful lines, and that applies to the heels, too. This can be black or brown suede, or calf. Sizes 4 to 9, AAA to C. \$18.95 Penn-Delphia, 611 Madison Ave., New York 22.



Left: Dash of fur—a little mink jacket with a nice new short cut to it. It's just hipbone length; the sleeves are mid-arm. This, for the little-mink times of day—late day, evening. Emba Autumn Haze mutation mink, \$1350 plus tax. Pordy Furs, 946 Madison Avenue, New York 21.



Right: Gold valuables. Antique American coins in 22-K. gold, on a 14-K. gold bracelet. The coins: 1851, \$1 piece; 1907, \$2.50; 1859, \$3; 1886, \$5; 1901, \$10. All this currency on a bracelet with a handsome weighty look, \$245 including tax, postpaid. Berns Jewelers, 435 Madison Avenue, New York 22.



MIEHLMANN

HOUND

...October windfall



Left: Ingratiating seal—a smart little jacket designed with this form of flattery in mind: the neckline is a deep, wide oval with a fichu collar. The rest is straight to the hip. Black-dyed Alaska sealskin, \$795 plus tax. Jules Hartenstein Furs, 847 Madison Avenue, New York 21.



Above: Two, very much at home. A jersey under-b blouse; a printed canvas wrap-around skirt make a smart, simple way to dress at home. Skirt, blue or brown with black; \$14.95. Top, black, blue, or brown; \$9.95. Sizes 10 to 16. Charles Sumner, 16 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.



Left: Fur on fur, one of the smart applications of it, this year. Here, a short greatcoat of Brazilian river otter, belted at the back. Applied to it: a mink collar. (Emba Desert Gold mutation mink.) \$375 plus tax. Grosfeld Furs, 768 Madison Avenue, New York 22.

Right: Smart new snow shoe (lady trappers have dreamed of this much warmth with these good looks). This is lambskin lined with fleece, in good colours: red with red lining, grey with grey, beige with sand. Sizes 4 to 11. \$16.95 ppd. J. & J. Slater, 533 Madison Avenue, New York 22.



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Left: Paisley print—pattern that's showing up in a number of attractive ways, now—on a daytime satchel. The colours: green and blue woven in woollen on a dark red ground—add this to dark city winter costumes. \$39.50 inc. tax. Lester, 669 Madison Avenue, New York 22.

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D. J. Brown

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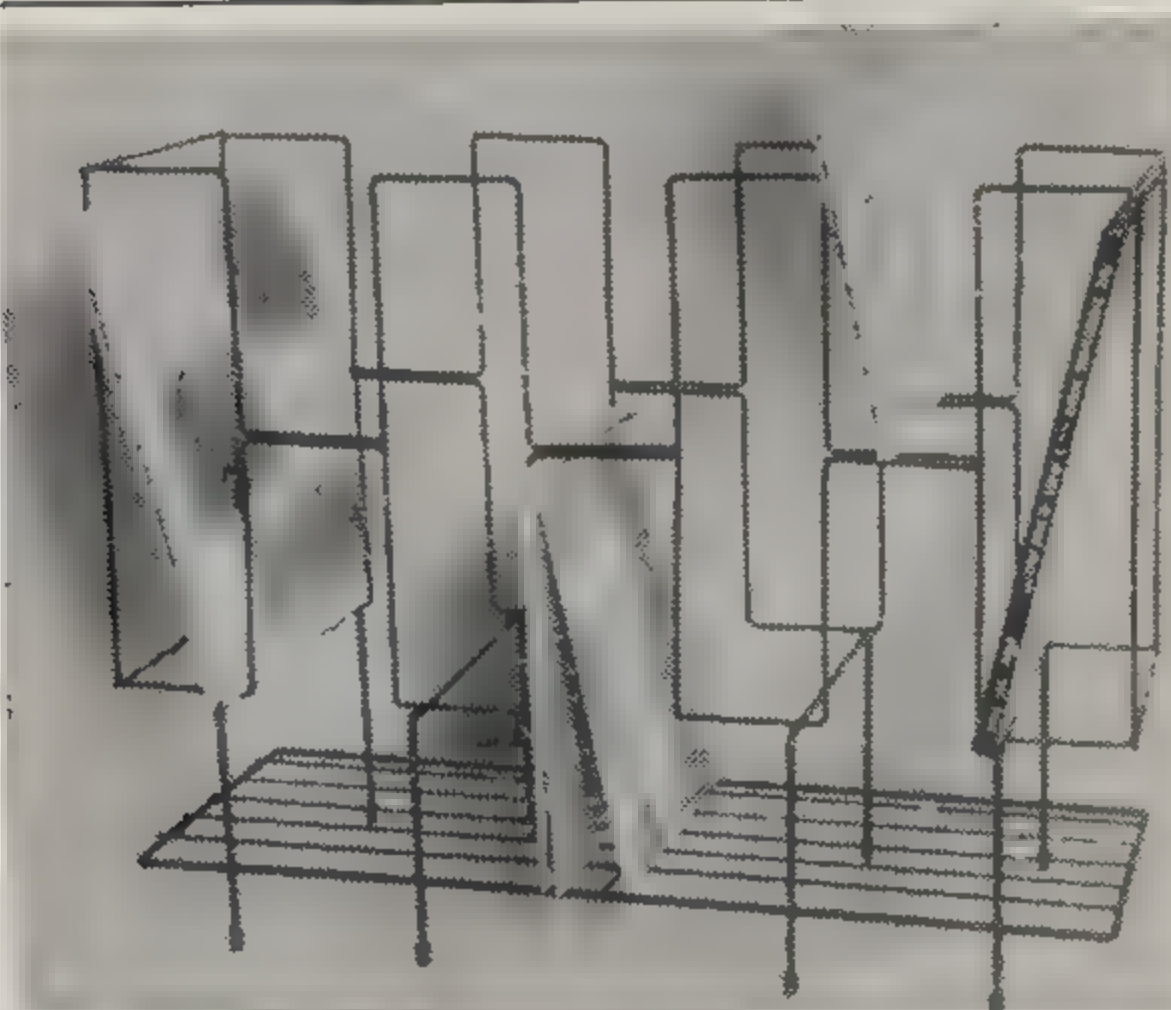
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Silk lined skirt.

Consultation invited. Complete wardrobes . . . your materials or ours, also re-modeling.
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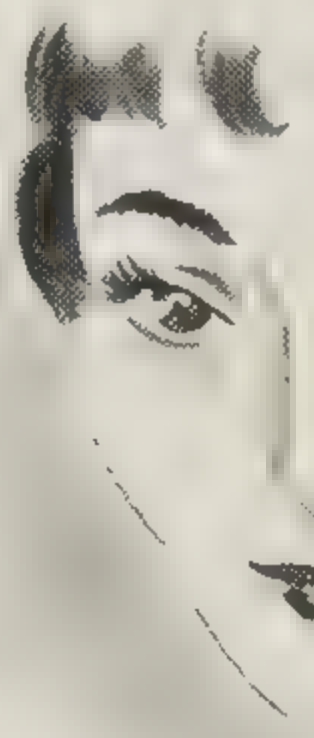
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SHOP



The knitted hood: An Italian helmet from the skiing world. Now, it's in fashion as a sleek (and warm) way to look in the deep-country, the suburbs. Pull it on above a tweed greatcoat or one of the new fake furs. Black, pale blue, white, or pink wool. \$2.98 ppd. Here's How, 27 East 22nd Street, New York 10.



Fashion by blouse:
(see pages 116 to 117) Vogue's idea of one smart way of dressing with suits, at-home trousers, tweed skirts. This: silk with fine details—a wide collar, squared-off stitching at the front. The blouse, white, sizes 10 to 18. \$25.95 ppd. Fine Feathers, 1470 E. Valley Rd., Santa Barbara, Cal.



Home-life of the T-shirt:
good casual fashion when worn with printed corduroy trousers. Knitted cotton shirt, in black, white, turquoise, heliotrope. Sizes small, medium, large; \$2.77. Trousers, black with white or pink, sizes 10 to 16; \$6.53. By Phil Rose of California, at Macy's, Herald Square, New York 1.



Oxford news: now, it's a smart, slender little shoe of suède (at the vamp) and kidskin (the heels and sides). The colours: maple, a reddish beige (handsome with beige), avocado-green, brown, navy blue, rust, and black. Sizes 4 to 11. The price, \$9.95. Selby Shoes, 5th Ave. at 38th St., N. Y. 19.



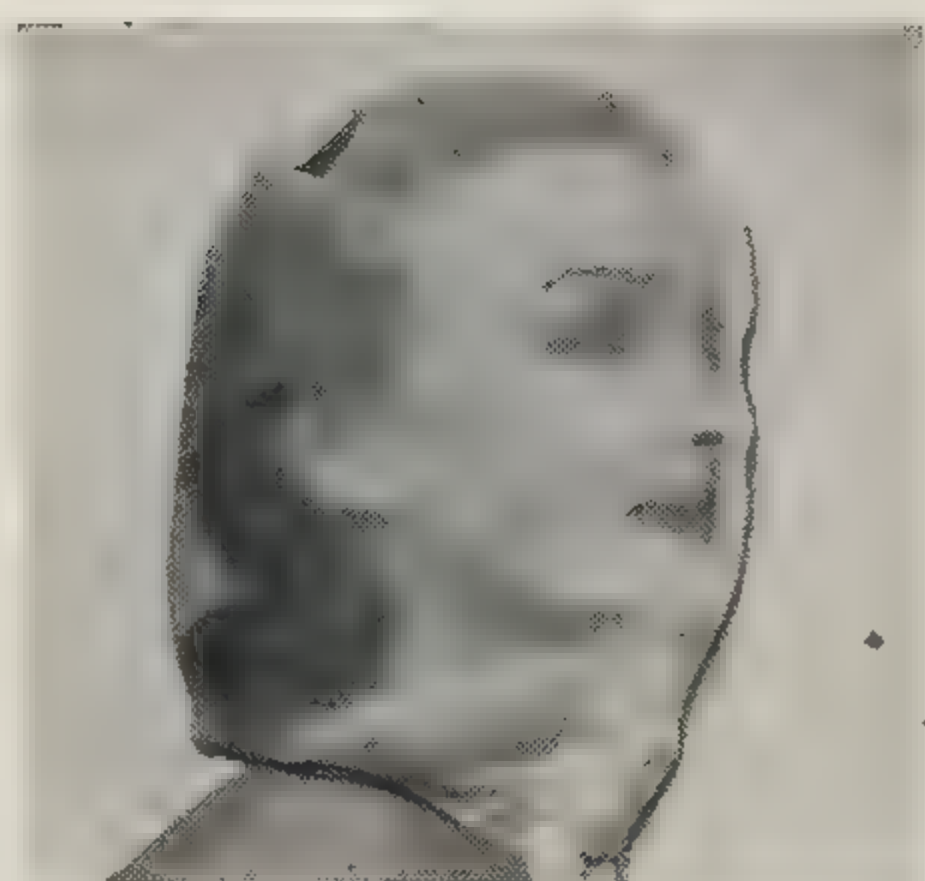
The short greatcoat: in wool tweed. A beautiful combination of fashion and workmanship—the coat is tunic-length with a wide revers collar, bands that button around the sleeves; the handsome bulky fabric is hand-woven. White and grey with black, red, green, or French blue. \$125. Women's Haberdashers, Carlton House, 680 Madison Avenue, New York 22.

HOUND

... October windfall

The ostrich hood: clever and practical way to protect your clothes, make-up and coiffure while you're dressing.

(This is a trick actresses, professional models have known for years.) The hood is nylon marquissette, zips on and off quickly. \$2.95 ppd. Cosmeticap, 405 Lexington Avenue, New York 17.

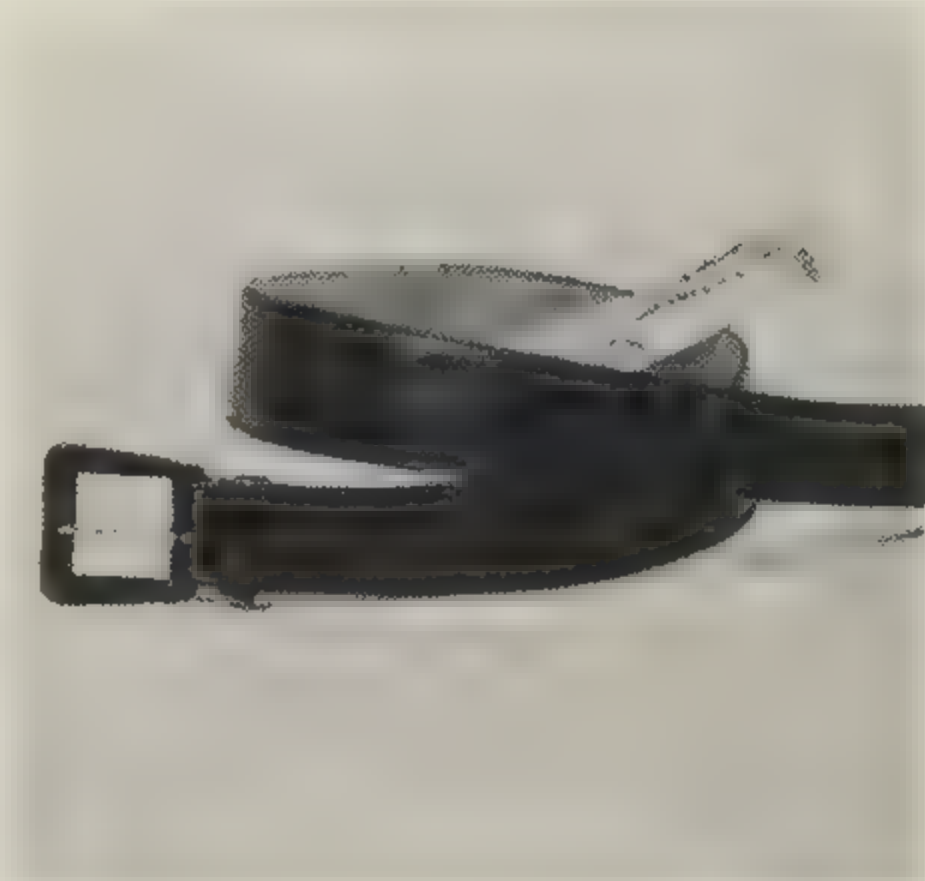


Turning heads now: Biagio Tucciarone's hair pieces that make smart, pretty coiffures possible on the turn of a hairpin. This seems an ideal (and currently-in-fashion) hairdressing plan for anyone who leads a fairly active life all year 'round, or whose home base is far from a hairdresser. Among the complete range of hair pieces there: a switch that can be re-wound into four different coiffures—a "figure 8" chignon, French twist, coronet braid, or a bun. Tucciarone includes a booklet with directions for the winding. To order any hair piece, send a sample of your hair cut as close to the scalp as possible. 118 E. 28th St., N. Y. 16.

Perfume in the romantic tradition: "Rhapsodie," by Michel Pasquier, is a deep, rich fragrance. It seems to be made for satin, velvets, brocade—has the same festive aura as this season's party clothes. Perfume, 1/2 ounce, \$6; purse vial, 1 1/2 drams, \$2.50; 3 ozs. concentrated cologne, \$2 inc. tax, ppd: 7 W. 46th St., N. Y. 36.



Saving's a cinch: pleasant addenda to this belt—there's a zipper slot in the lining where you might salt away a dollar bill or two. It's black, brown, or navy-blue calfskin; can rely on its own good looks, since there's not a bit of decoration involved. Sizes 24 to 32, \$6.95 ppd. Clarion Products, P. O. Box V-488, Highland Park, Ill.



MIEHLMANN

Traveller's eye view: of make-up, coiffures, whatever. This, a travelling mirror that folds up to a packable size—it's 6 inches square. Colours in leather: beige, pale blue, Burgundy, tan. \$10.30 ppd., monogrammed. Bournefield-Strong (their address), 714 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.



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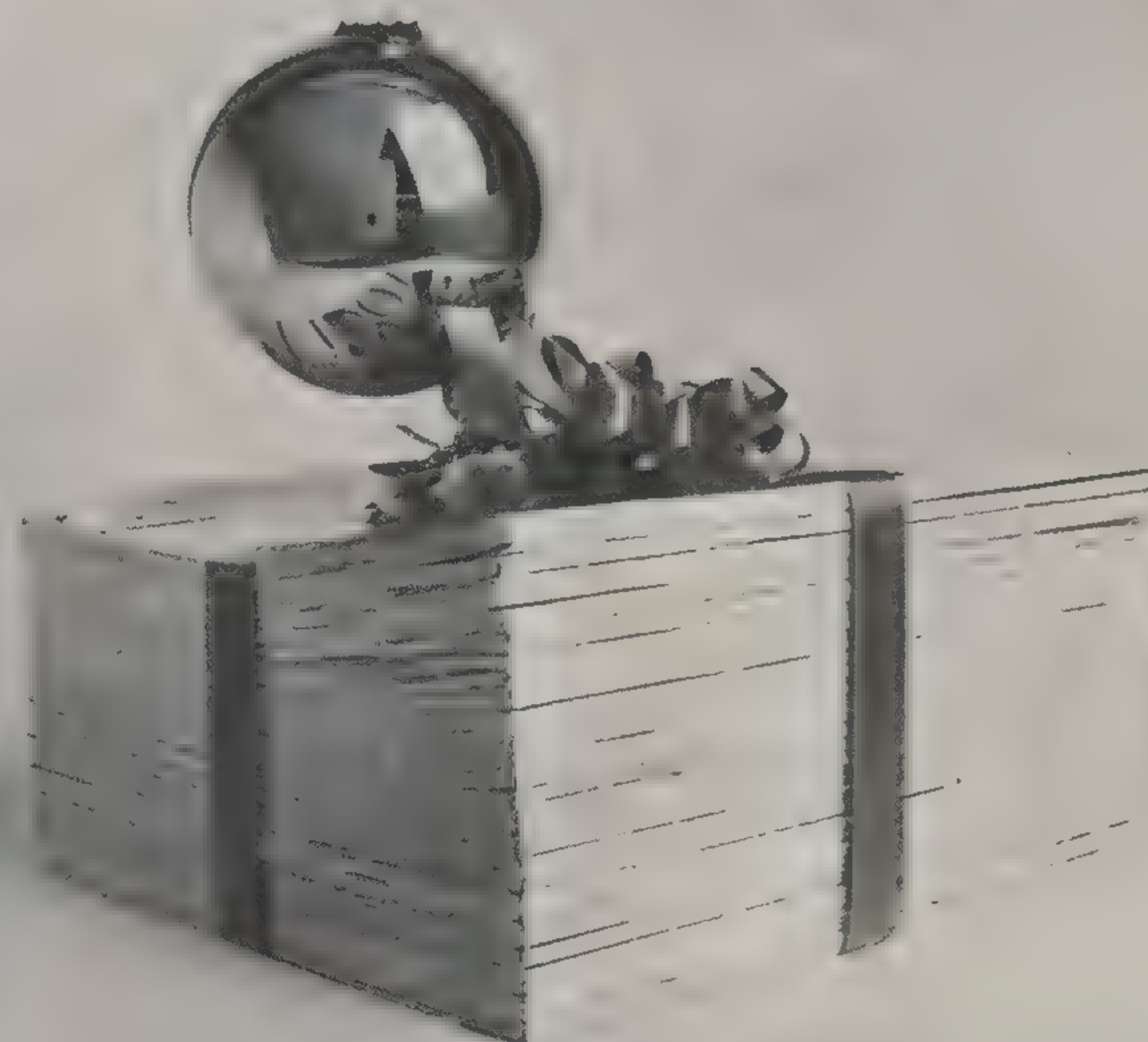
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PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES H. HARRIS

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VOGUE

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

There are three Vogues: American, French, British I. S.V.-PATCÉVITCH Publisher

OCTOBER 15, 1955

COVER

The cape—a major fashion on both sides of the Atlantic—now a major fashion in fur (very often the final proof that a fashion really is a fashion). Natural nutria, tailored, bone-buttoned, smooth in movement. This, by Vergara, at Lord & Taylor; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Peaked, oversized pillbox of orange moussé, by Sally Victor. Gold and diamond jewels, by Verdura. Vivid pink lipstick (good with orange): "Iris," by Guerlain.



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Toute la gaieté et le charme de Paris
LE MUGUET DU BONHEUR
CARON

Vogue's
eye view of
the silk sweater

PAUL HIMMEL



This is the news: the first silk sweater in who-knows-how-many years, and the first silk sweater ever to look anything like this. You see it above, a pull-over, fashioned and fagoted and with a new knitted crispness. It comes from Paris. It costs \$50. And it's intended to be worn out in both senses of the word. It's an overblouse, lightly shaped, and so pretty that you have to remind yourself that it can go anywhere a sweater can go, and one place more, which is under suit jackets in warm climates. This one, in a taffy colour, by Tricosa-Feder. Ready now at Saks Fifth Avenue.



Field day for fashion

As sure as this is October (and as sure as October is the plum of the country calendar), country dressing is undergoing change. It's getting more . . . interesting. If that word makes the hackles of country traditionalists rise, it shouldn't. We said interesting, not bizarre. Any tampering with the basic principles of country dress is, we think, doomed (the amusing pants, the feckless jewel). But something is softening up *within* the traditional form of the stern tweed, the aggressively country shoe, the general severity of neckline and colouring. Even in England (inventor of the form), the patent seems to be running out—and there *and* here, now, there's a kind of relenting. Look how sweaters have changed, for instance—melted into new necklines, into new colours (apricot, gentian, pumpkin, pine), and deviated from the classic by length, bulk, and fit. Look at the newly dark skirts and pants that sweater colours have evoked. (Remember when the only correct way to look was like a fallen leaf?) Note navy-blue and black country coats tidying up the landscape; note beige cotton poplin lined with mink. On these and the next pages we show you examples of this very subtle change in tradition. It's a pleasure to report country clothes here, because it's a beautiful field, and now—an open one.

Left: The strawberry overblouse, a country natural if ever there was one, here worn with this new form of country black: a narrow black cashmere skirt. Sweater of lamb's-wool, Angora, and nylon, by Garland, \$13. Skirt of Einiger cashmere, by Samuel Robert, \$35. Both are at Bonwit Teller. Sweater, also at Hudson's; Woodward & Lothrop.

Right: Vicuña colouring, beautiful in the country, new in the country. Vicuña skirt (it feels like a silk thistle-down), of an Einiger fabric, \$180. Vicuña-coloured cashmere cardigan, \$50; and pull-over, \$20. All by Heatherton, all under the protection of Mitin-mothproofing. Costume, Bergdorf Goodman; Montaldo's; Sakowitz.





KAREN RADKAI

The country jacket, cobble-knit *This page:*

Look for this: the new thick, richly-knit country jacket. Here, handsome, rough-knit brown-with-black wool, looking country but not clumpy, over the year's tidiest black and brown striped men's-wear worsted slacks. Sweater, by Geistex, \$23. Slacks, by Evan-Picone in a British woollen, \$23. Both, Best's; Hutzler's. Glove leather shoes made by Joyce, at Bonwit Teller.

The cashmere blazer, new in the field *Right:*

It's knitted this way: thickly, of two-ply cashmere—and at least five inches longer than the two-ply cashmere Vogue introduced a year ago July. This one, beige, \$40, worn with pants we wholly approve of: black and uncurve-y, of men's-wear worsted, \$20. Both, by Bernhard Altmann, at Saks Fifth Ave.; Julius Garfinckel; Neiman-Marcus. (For sweater care, see page 41.)



Country coats: lighter or darker

That's the news in country coats: they're either much lighter (the blonds are towheads now), or much darker (there's country black, navy blue, as well as Oxford grey). *Top row, left:* The towhead country coat, a fresh look with dark sweaters and skirts. This one, by Sportleigh, of Warren of Stafford fleece, \$60. The brown turtle-neck wool sweater (\$20) and brown-and-yellow tweed skirt (\$35), both by Owen-Morgan. Everything, junior sizes, Lord & Taylor. *Top row, centre:* Black cashmere—possibly the smartest new cloth in the countryside. By Bataldi, in a Juilliard fabric, \$135. Mantle by Echo, \$17. Both, Bonwit Teller. *Top row, far right:* One of the new blonds—creamy beige tweed flecked with white and brown; single-breasted coat, belted at the back. By La Vigna, of Anglo tweed, \$100. Ponyskin bag. Both, Tailored Woman. *Second row, left:* Black cashmere with shawl (hood?) collar. By Country Tweeds, of Eninger cashmere, \$135; Lord & Taylor. Striped wool pull-over by Goldworm, \$13. Anglo tweed skirt by Custom Craft, \$30: Best's. *Second row, centre:* A costume to understudy a whole country wardrobe: Oxford-grey men's-wear flannel coat cut straighter than most, lined with gold jersey; joined to this good look, a gold jersey blouse, and straight grey skirt. By A. Davis (the wool jersey: Security). \$60. Tailored Woman. *Second row, far right:* Navy-blue coat, brass-buttoned and acting as crispener to *any* skirt and sweater mixture. By Brittany, of Stroock fleece, \$100. Saks Fifth Ave. The blanket-plaid carryall, Mark Cross.



KAREN RADKAI





Magnificent understatements in fashion

This car, this coat: examples of the rarest luxury of all—pure, perfected simplicity. The car's the first of its kind, and what's more it's posing here for its very first colour picture—it's the new Continental, due (in limited edition) this month after causing almost as much public-conjecture as the flying saucer. A long, low (56") sweep of beautiful colour, it's notable for an elegant minimum of detail—you can count the chrome accents on the fingers of one hand. And, even the engineering side of it is beautifully simple: the Continental people haven't bothered to coin any names for its silent, powerful, efficient method of operation: they figure that a gallon of gas in the tank will tell the tale. About the coat: it's a little cotton twill raincoat fully lined with natural ranch mink. The hand with the authority to engineer this magnificent simplicity—that of Christian Dior-New York. The coat, ready now, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Holt Renfrew of Canada. Other fashions here: shown above, a silk shirt, an Einiger cashmere skirt; glimpsed at right, cashmere cardigan. These three, by Heatherton; about \$100. From Saks Fifth Avenue. The satchel at right, of blended wild mink, at Reiss & Fabrizio. The brown alligator shoes, from Delman. Phoenix "Cashmere" stockings.

Beautiful view: the driver's and the camera's





RAWLINGS

The new Continental, posing for its first colour picture



Continental wheels: quiet-spoken



More door—with self-locking handles



COFFIN

MRS. EDWARD PATTERSON, a beautiful young woman with dark amber eyes, is a co-chairman of the benefit dinner dance of The Boys' Club of New York on October 20, at the Ambassador Hotel. The Boys' Club, a seventy-nine-year-old organization, doesn't waste time lamenting juvenile delinquency but simply goes on providing constructive, enjoyable things for boys to do and decent places to do them in. This year, again, the fund-raising party to provide these things will be underwritten by Parfums Caron (most big benefit parties these days are underwritten by big helpful businesses), and is named "Festival de Poivre." From the "Poivre" *flacon*, an Oriental urn, will come the motif for the ballroom decorations. Also Oriental in feeling is the dress Mrs. Patterson wears here: a gold lamé sheath with a mandarin jacket, collared in mink. Diamond necklace and earrings, from Cartier; costume by Pattullo-Jo Copeland, at Saks Fifth Avenue.

"THE TIN GEE-GE"

By Grace Hegger Lewis

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Grace Hegger Lewis, a writer candidly nostalgic and careful of the past, possesses a memory for poignant detail. She has written one novel, Half a Loaf, about her marriage to Sinclair Lewis, and was formerly on the staff of Vogue. In the spring Harcourt, Brace will publish her new book, With Love from Gracie, a memoir of Lewis. Their only child, Wells Lewis, about whom Mrs. Lewis writes here, was killed in France in 1944.*

I have no grandchildren, but at Christmas especially I stand in front of toyshop windows and pick out what I would like to give those grandchildren I wish I had. Particularly, lead soldiers. Some toys make small demand on the imagination, but lead soldiers can be anything and everything, as I know from the period when they were the inner life of my rather lonely little son.

He was lonely because he was the only child of parents who travelled constantly, who had no home except the homes of others rented briefly, or rooms in hotels. In a way his real family were his toys, which began with "The People": a Papa, a Mamma, and a Baby Bear of hand-carved wood acquired in Switzerland. China animals were added, dachshunds and bushy-tailed foxes. Then came his eighth Christmas when he received his first soldiers. I had bought them at the five-and-ten because I could hand-pick them instead of buying sets in boxes. They were English-made though American in costume, and there must have been fifty of them. Drama-sense told me that the best kind to choose were the ones which stood straight, arms at side, so they could march in ranks, fall down, lie flat, sit at an angle, ride in a train or a boat, instead of irrevocably kneeling to fire a gun, or operating a wireless, or carrying a stretcher. They were U.S. regulars, West Pointers, sailors, marines, with features not where they ought to be on their over-pink faces. Officers, too, with swords and generals on horseback.

On Christmas Eve all these I arranged secretly on top of my bedroom bureau in spirited marching order. I shall never forget his dear face when he came to wish me Merry Christmas. He could not be torn from them to put a dressing gown over his pajamas, to eat breakfast. But even during

those holidays I noticed he soon tired of obvious military combat and began substituting a complicated world of his own creation, of which he thoroughly approved and about which he was to think and plan at school between holidays.

Almost at once personalities developed. Chief among these was the captain of the U.S. regulars, squat, rough-edged, crudely painted, but somehow tough and a leader. When he appeared from behind a chair leg or a barricade of matchboxes or in the fort made of books, his officers sprang to attention. It was inevitable that the captain should become king. The five-and-ten-cent soldiers soon grew shabby, but they were sturdily made and rarely lost a head or an arm, and my son clothed them in the panoply of his imagination. He would call me into his room to share in the current saga, and I contributed tiny ideas, but the saga itself was his own.

At Easter vacation we added twenty Mexican soldiers with officers adorned with silver-laced boleros and sombreros, red sashes and neckties, silver slashings on bell-bottomed trousers, and dashing black moustaches and sideburns. I can still see the boy lying on the floor, his head propped in his hands, just staring, staring at them. Now here were the proper chamberlains and royal entourage to encircle his rough-edged king, and soon they were having a refining effect upon the court. Ribbons were draped diagonally across chests, orders and decorations were scratched on the shabby uniforms, and banquets were held almost daily. The dining table was a box covered with a bit of material and there was a real silver service—newly minted dimes for dishes, quarters and rare fifty-cent pieces for platters. When a new coin was given me while shopping, I triumphantly tucked it away for him.

His props were all homemade. For dining chairs he used dominoes, one laid flat and one set upright at the back. He would place a soldier on this chair at an angle, and as the man was neither standing nor lying down, obviously he was sitting, though a bit far away from his food. When I brought home some tiny lead goblets and a wine jug and a pair of gilded candelabra, we almost cried with joy over the palatial effect.

Then came the summer when we went to France, just he and I, in a bright yellow Ford (*Continued on page 122*)



THEIR MAJESTIES. KING PAUL OF THE HELLENES AND QUEEN FREDERIKA

HORST

Gossipy memo on ATHENS

Cyprus, the British crown colony of Greeks and Turks, an old bone newly contended, with some of the Cypriotes and the mainland Greeks straining for *enosis* (union with Greece) and the British clenching hard on their Cyprus military installations. . . . The absolute necessity of saying Cypriote and not Cyprian, which is the ancient name for a dancer *du ventre* at the Temple of Aphrodite. . . . Soccer starting again this month with the two top teams the Panatheniakos of Athens and the Olympiakos of Piraeus. . . . Vasilaina's, a squinched and salty *taverna*, twenty minutes' drive from Athens in the port town of Piraeus, where the *taverniaris* takes complete charge of deciding who eats what, and a flinty Hellenic scorn grazes anyone who tries to order for himself.

Universal income tax, new in Greece this year and the subject of a sixty-page how-to book and a neo-Euripides chorus of melancholy rising from clubs and coffee houses. . . . The new beach club at Glyfada, seventeen miles from Athens, where the National Bank of Greece, in a mood of caprice (or tourist promotion), has put up a dazzling cluster of marble-panelled cabins spaced out among flower beds as dense and intricate as Persian carpets. . . . "Heavenly Cloud," a native *apéritif* powerful as a Cyclops because its main ingredient is *ouzo*, an opalescent liquor with the flavour of anise. . . . The Athenian crush on Tennessee Williams, whose play, *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, will be produced this year in Greece; and the perverse fact that the USIS library lists him as a local favourite along with Louisa May Alcott, Hemingway, Edgar Allan Poe, and James Thurber. . . . The prospect of striking uranium in Northern Greece.

Strikes in the digs, and the discovery at Eleusis of three gold circlets for the hair, dating from pre-Homeric times; the most ancient jewellery found in Attica, they were part of a rich burrow uncovered by Professor George E. Mylonas of Washington University, St. Louis. . . . Fat harvests, with the total agricultural product now 80 per cent above the prewar average. . . . Tourists struggling with Greek consonants so they can say *en taxi*, which means okay, and *chairete*, a toast buoyantly commanding, "Lift up your heart and rejoice."

The housing boom, with white cube-shaped apartment houses rising brilliantly all over Athens, and the sound charm of the building regulations which prohibit any structure that blocks the view of the Acropolis from anywhere. . . . Ghika, the Greek painter, whose pictures look a little like tapestry, a little like mosaic, with a curious intermingling of plant themes and architecture. . . . Interest rates as high as 36 per cent for loans of gold sovereigns. . . . *Bouzouki* music, especially spine-prickling at Tsitsanis, a seaside *taverna* in Phaleron; the *bouzouki*, a miniature hybrid lute, has a thin, plaintive cry which is the characteristic background of Greek folk songs, most of them screamily Oriental and intense; one of the titles flaming now, "Thelo samata" (I want a rumpus). . . . The powered impact of the Parthenon illuminated at night. *More on page 130.*

Opposite: A strong-minded, handsome couple with an awareness of change, King Paul and Queen Frederika have inspired in the eight years of their reign a famous royal love affair between themselves and their people. The previous attitude of the Greeks towards monarchy has been so volatile that the two predecessors of King Paul were dethroned several times apiece. Everyone now agrees that the present change has come about mainly because of the astonishing talent of Their Majesties for stepping over old boundaries to put themselves squarely in the middle of Greek life. The Queen, who has a young bounding energy, has a way of breaking down even anti-royalist peasants with a hodgepodge of charm, housewifery, and good sense. (The newsreels of the world have shown her driving her own jeep into half-destroyed villages or dancing the local quick-step.) Like her great-grandmother, Queen Victoria, she is a tenacious little woman, difficult to talk down. Unlike her, she has almost no taste for protocol. Both in Athens and at the summer palace, at Tatoï, where they were photographed for Vogue, the King and Queen live without formality, keeping as much time as possible, in the midst of their hard, interesting jobs, for their three children. Among their small, satisfying pleasures: the King's new car, a "Thunderbird" convertible.



7 FAMOUS GREEKS

MME. HÉLÈNE STATHATOS, *above left*, the wise collector of one of the great private collections of Byzantine art and ancient jewellery, keeps them in her handsome dark-panelled house in Athens with her icons and her rare Greek tapestries. Now she is cataloguing the facts about her special prizes—filigree from Macedonia and medallions from Thessaly—for a new book to be published sometime next year. MME. HELEN VLACHOU, *above right*, both edits and publishes the Athenian daily paper, *Kathimerini*, founded by her father, George Vlachos, the acknowledged titan of modern Greek journalism. An amusing, slender woman who began her writing career at nineteen, she is now in the planning stages of Greece's first picture magazine. With her husband, C. Loundras, an officer in the Greek navy, she lives in a freshly modern penthouse with a startling view, across a sea of trees, of the honeyed marble Acropolis.



CONSTANTINE KARAMANLIS, *above left*, shown with his beautiful wife, is the bright young man in politics, holding now the vitally important office of Minister of Public Works, the agency rebuilding bombed-out roads, factories, bridges. DR. JOHN PAPADIMITRIU, *above right*, Greece's most eminent archaeologist, directed the new revealing excavations at Mycenae, the city of Agamemnon, originally uncovered by the great German archaeologist, Schliemann, in 1876. This winter Dr. Papadimitriou will be at the Institute of Advanced Studies at Princeton, preparing his reports on the Mycenae diggings, which were carried out by the Greek Archaeological Society, and are the most interesting in Greece in many years.



HORST

ALEXIS MINOTIS AND KATINA PAXINOU, Greece's great heroic tragedians, played both *Hecuba* and *Oedipus* in the sweeping, tiered theatre of Herod Atticus, set at the very foot of the Acropolis. This first Athens Festival, organized by Dino Yannopoulos, the thirty-five-year-old Greek-American stage director of the Metropolitan Opera House, presented works written by Greeks or inspired by Greek themes. Its notably frantic event, glorious for all, was the return of Dimitri Mitropoulos, the Athens-born conductor of the New York Philharmonic. In competition with theatre and music alike was the Parthenon, its cloudy amber-coloured columns blazing in floodlights. (The programs noted this homey touch: "The Athens-Piraeus Electricity Company provides light, ever more light...")



HENRY TIARKS

CRUISE TO THE GREEK ISLES

On the white "Achilles," sailed recently one hundred guests, on a cruise organized by Miss Elsa Maxwell, and given by Mr. Stavros Niarchos, to interest travellers in Greek tourism. Above, at a dinner in Corfu: Miss Maxwell and Princess Maria Pia of Yugoslavia (a guest from the Niarchos' yacht, "Creole"). At right, in costume, Mr. and Mrs. Niarchos, hosts of the Corfu party.



Vicomtesse de Ribes with Cesare Siepi, star of the new movie, *Don Giovanni*, and of the Metropolitan Opera, at Delphi where the great Oracle spoke those Freudian words, "Know thyself."



Mrs. Charles Amory, wearing her Venetian straw like a school-girl, on the beach at Palaiokastitsa, where everyone lunched on Corfu's extraordinary lobsters.



The Duchesse de Brissac, one of the best-dressed women on the cruise. (The Duc is in the water in the background.) Here she is shown in a black bathing suit, white linen hat.



Mrs. William Randolph Hearst with Mrs. McCarver Hearst, on the shore at Cape Sounion. (Note: Some of the women carried Capri-basket lobster pots as bags.)



Mrs. Rodman de Heeren, with Olivia de Havilland and her husband, the well-known French journalist, Pierre Galante, all listening to one of the daily lectures by experts, briefing the guests on the Greek history and archeology.



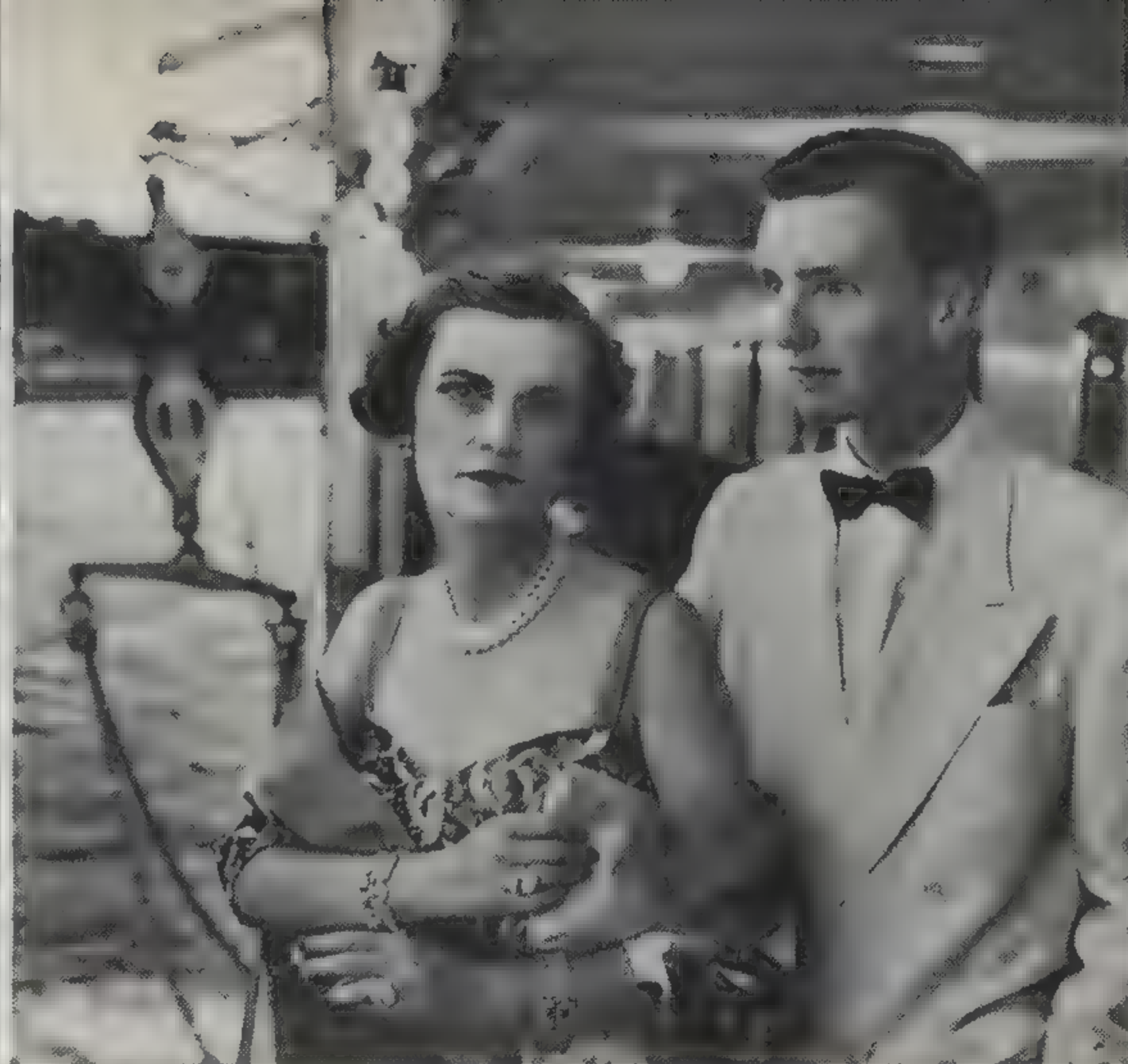
Gilbert Miller, the international theatrical producer, here with the Countess of Granard at the Antiquities Museum at Delphi, famous for its long-robed bronze charioteer.



The former French Premier Paul Reynaud and Mme. Reynaud on deck. When the guests landed on Corfu, they were met by Greeks throwing pink oleander blossoms and sweet lemon-smelling leaves; even the monks near Palaiokastitsa greeted the cruise with flowers. (There were also photographers everywhere, springing up like dragons' teeth.)



Mrs. Gilbert Miller, wearing a Venetian gondolier's straw hat, on the beach at Palaioakastitsa, the delight of the island of Corfu where the olive groves slope down to the beaches. One of the loveliest islands in the Ionian Sea, its history ranges from Homer to the British High Command.



The Duchess of Argyll with her son, Brian Sweeny. Most evenings the women wore short dresses, but at Corfu and Athens, they wore real evening dresses, jewels, furs, and then clambered down the gangplank in flat shoes, carrying their high-heeled slippers.



Two beauties, both in slacks; Miss Cynthia Balfour's black, Sra. Hugo Gouthier's black and white.



Mrs. William C. Breed in white shirt and black slacks, here with Frederic S. Allen. (Mrs. Breed, incidentally, was considered one of the most charmingly dressed women.)



Mrs. Byron Foy at luncheon on the beach. An exception (and an extremely smart one) to the shorts and slacks group, Mrs. Foy wore high-heeled sandals, pastel linen dresses, usually with a parasol to keep off the sharp sunlight.



Loelia, Duchess of Westminster, at Cape Sounion where the seas shade from green to indigo, and, in the dry iridescence of the light, the houses look dazzled.

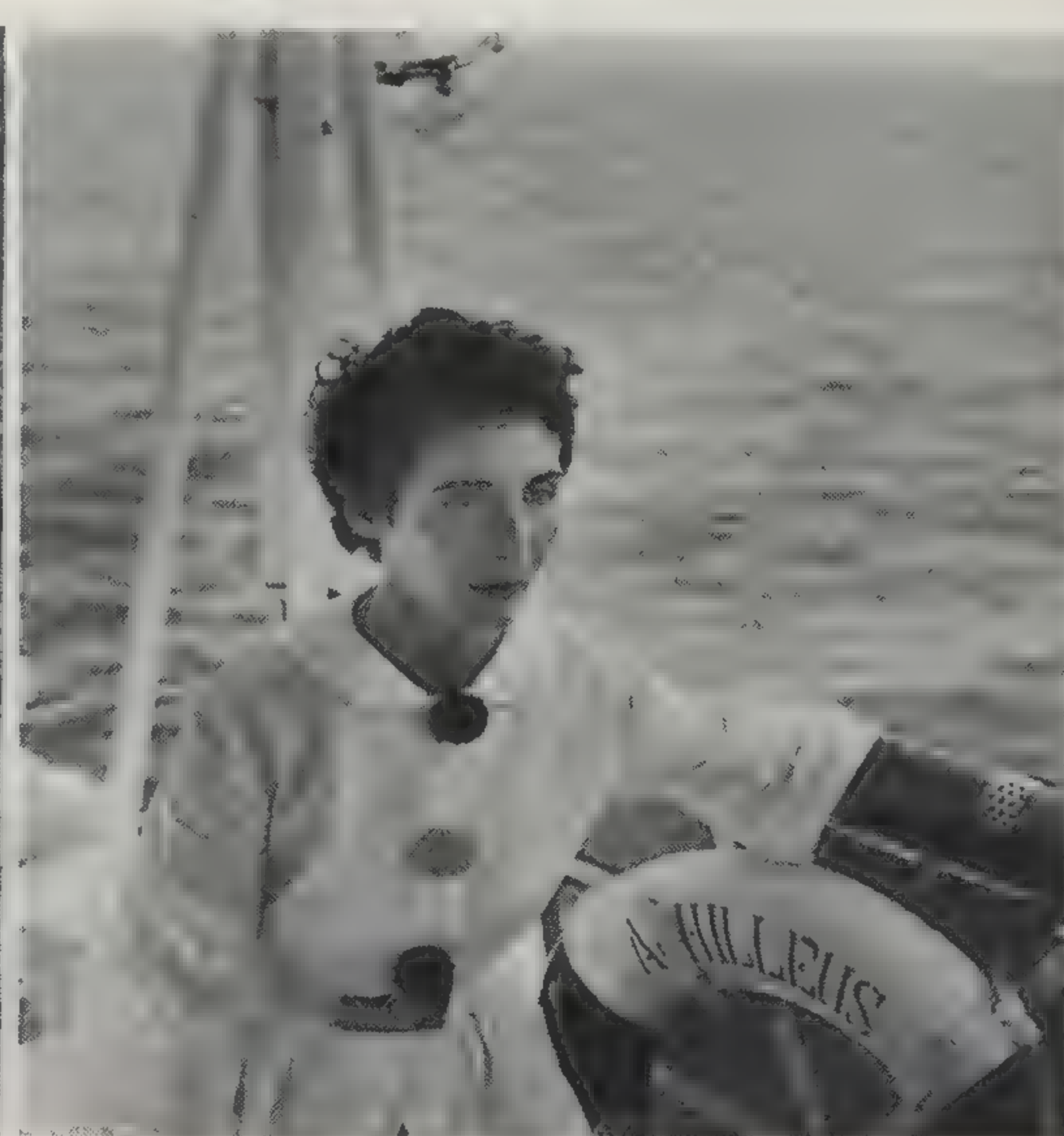


Conte and Contessa Crespi, considered one of the handsomest couples on the cruise, here shown on deck in the classic daytime uniform.



HENRY CLARKE

Mrs. Norman Winston with Conte Borromeo d'Adda, in the Temple of Apollo at Delphi, which the party reached by taxiing up Mount Parnassus.



Comtesse de Lagarde, wife of the French Consul General in New York, at the ship's rail, wearing a white shirt with pompon buttons. (By day most of the women wore shirts and shorts, or loose pull-overs with ankle length slacks, and, naturally, sandals of every kind.)



Six guests, all wearing Venetian gondolier hats; the gayest of all the fancy hats, left to right: Don Adolfo Caracciolo, Contessa Borromeo d'Adda, Miss Cynthia Balfour, Frances Sweeny, Donna Meralda Caracciolo, and Conte Borromeo d'Adda.



Evening in a gold wrapping

Right: The resplendent evening coat, meant only for a

grand dinner, an opening, really a ball—

not planned to repel rain, or to reverse into a baby-bathing smock.

Just a raving beauty of a coat, made of bolts of yellow silk satin

in free-fall to mid-calf (the new length of its own evening dress).

Coat and dress by Nettie Rosenstein. Bergdorf Goodman; Dayton's. Coat: Hutzler's.

The diamonds for it: by Harry Winston.

The perfume for it: Bergdorf Goodman's new "Nandi,"

a shimmering gold formality of scent.

Evening deep in blue fox

Above: The beautiful nocturnal blue fox—

a new thrice-swirled short cape, to bulk softly, luxuriously,

over slimness; a great flattery of fur,

a light for the eyes, a cosmetic for the complexion.

Cape by Reynard, of Saga Norwegian blue fox. Henri Bendel;

Marshall Field; I. Magnin. Worn here over a blade of a

silver brocade dress, with swinging chandeliers of earrings.





Tiered red wool, *at the left:*

The important thing about this dress is, it's beautiful—and in a way that's likely to be unlike any other dress in the room. But besides that, it's one of the most informative fashions to come out of this year's collections: rouge-red broadcloth; narrow, with some feeling of fullness about it; of a subtle new length—a jot shorter than floor-length. For the big winter evening that's not a ball. By Traina-Norell, at Bonwit Teller; Woolf Brothers; I. Magnin. Also stated here: the return of the ruby as the centre of a good bit of jewel interest. These rubies and diamonds, all from Cartier.

The latest redhead, *right:*

Could be, before the winter's out, that there'll be a redhead born every thirty seconds—a redhead by choice, that is. It's the shade that's most emphatic. It's the shade that most women would most like to be—hairdressers report that of the women contemplating hair-colouring changes, sixty per cent ask about red hair first. And now, it seems, it's a shade that's relatively easy to acquire. To begin with, the Clairol chemists have worked out a red hair-colouring that's of the blond, rather than of the henna persuasion (subtler, this; much easier, generally, on the skin tones). And the process for becoming a redhead has been simplified now, too: one whole step (the pre-bleaching to a neutral shade) has been obviated. Anyway, there's the result, at right: the shade is Clairol "Pink Silver." The coiffure itself, brushed back from the neck; by D. J. Brown. The diamonds all from Harry Winston.





The new coiffure idea: ten inches of hair

This is a fashion idea that almost worked *itself* out—the new 10-inches-from-the-crown hair idea. It grew out (literally) of the short-sharp-curve cut, it was shaped partly by the new hats, and partly by a general urge for a rather more distinguished coiffure. Now, with ten supple inches to work with, the only question is: which coiffure? Because with hair this length, the possibilities are infinite.

On this page, four very different coiffures, with only this in common: length, no partings, and a new and subtle cutting *under* the long smooth top layer.

Top: All serene, all wave, and drawn back into a kind of draped chignon (no pins—it stays that way).

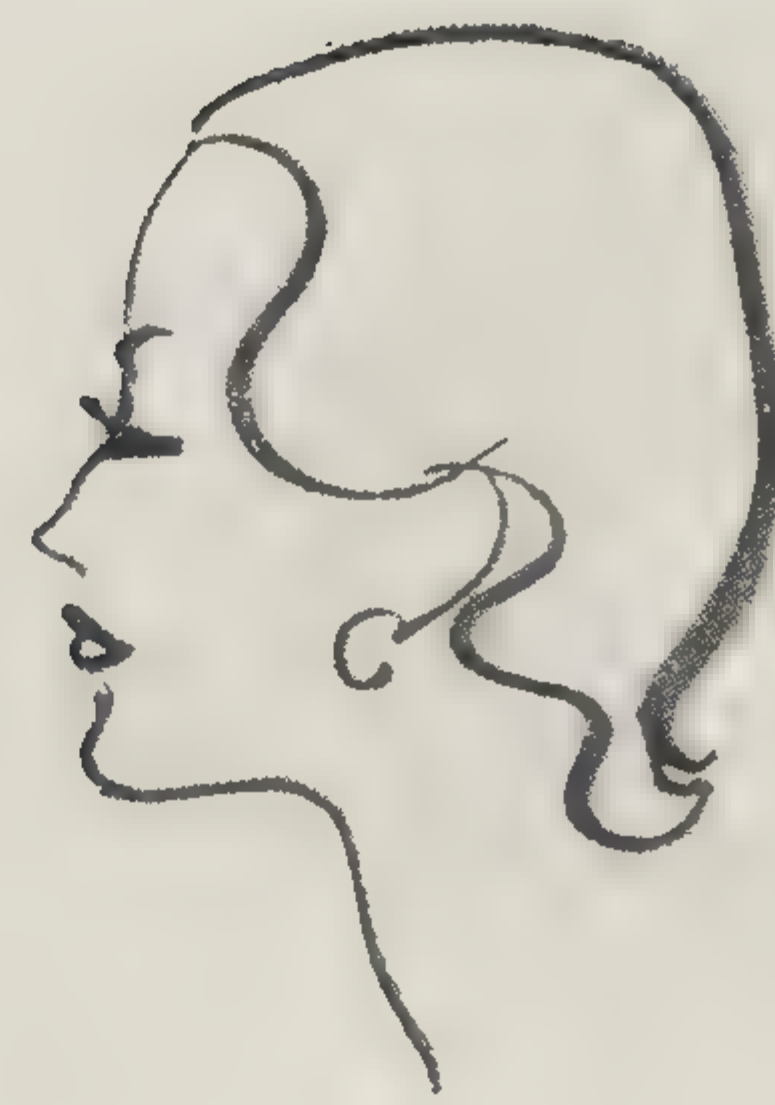
Exactly right for berets and cloches.

Second: For women who discovered (under the Italian reign) the flattery of hair coiffed high over the brow—and who don't want to give it up—a line that keeps the flattery with a loose horizontal wave across the forehead, but sleeks at the back.

Third: Bangs—for those who swear by them—cut like a widow's peak, the rest, swept back into a duck tail. Another beret coiffure.

Fourth: Made to order for some women, and *all* casque hats—hair drawn quietly across the brow into reverse shells over the ears.

All these coiffure ideas by Michel of Helena Rubinstein.



Ideas for today—and some day

Left: That car in the background? Sorry. That's a someday idea. It's one of Chrysler Corporation's idea cars—experimental, hand-made engineering day-dreams, from which they draw ideas for Chryslers to come. The one you see here, Flight Sweep II, is unpriced and unpromised, and from leather cockpit to sculptured wheels—furiously tempting. *In the foreground:* See that suit? That you can have today. It's a fashion idea so modern that it just misses being still in the future. It represents the almost silent Oriental elegance that is a 1955 fashion discovery. This is that idea—in Orient blue wool broad-cloth—with a fly-front closing, a quiet little collar, and hardly a break in the silhouette between coolie jacket and slender skirt. By Ben Zuckerman, \$185. Saks Fifth Avenue; Montaldo's; Neiman-Marcus. The casque, by Emme. The jewels (note turquoise), by David Webb. Black alligator bag, at Lederer.



The heyday of the dress



PHOTOGRAPHED BY FRANCES MCLAUGHLIN. BACKGROUND: OFFICES OF DAVID WIDER ASSOCIATES



This was what emerged from the New York and Paris collections: a new importance, a new imagination for the dress—the dress and what goes with it. The dress dashed with fur. The dress and the softly muffled stole. The dress and the cape. The dress under the coat. The dress and jacket, melded into something-more-than-suit. We can't remember a moment in fashion when to be well-dressed meant so often, and so literally, just that.

What does one look for, in the dress that is the heart of so many new matters? First, some form of simplified shape that can adapt itself to almost any well-chosen company. (The prevailing shape, in Paris, is the scarcely fitted slip-sheath dress. There are many slip-sheaths here; many other dresses more or less waisted and belted; but all have a look of supple slenderness.) Then, there should be excellent fabric (with firmness, without bulk). Good detail (quietly stated, not too insistent). And, first and last, strong fashion (basic doesn't mean boring).

Here and on the following four pages, we show you fourteen new wool dresses—sound and handsome foundations on which the newest fashion is built. Here we show you how one dress with great style of its own can draw three quite different and distinguished new silhouettes.

One dress—three heydays *Near left: the dress—*

a long-sleeved slenderness of brown-and-black wool tweed,

with a high square neck, a double row of buttons to the hip. The beige casque, by Emme.

Far left: The dress, dressed for a very dashing new day

under its own softly ample jacket-stole of beige-and-black tweed.

Dress and stole (of a Linton tweed) by Anthony Blotta. About \$250.

Altman's; Neiman-Marcus. Gilt earrings by Castlecliff, also at Altman's.

Above: The same dress, a totally other new look: given by the

hip-length cape of natural ranch mink-gills. By Georges Henri,

Best's; L. S. Ayres. Good size of calfskin bag (by Bienen-Davis), also at Best's.



Dress—

and one new way to coat it

Left: Slender, sleeved dress of black-and-white

Forstmann wool tweed, with a half-defined belt, huge pockets.

By Herbert Sondheim. About \$110.

Bendel's Young-Timers; Hudson's; Sakowitz.

Above: The dress figures under a new not-quite-knee-length coat of dark grey Forstmann wool cheviot. By Ben Gershel.

About \$155. Lord & Taylor; Dayton's.

Blanket-plaid beret by Sally Victor.

Dress—

and three new ways to fur it

Right: Grey knitted tweed dress, lightly sheathed, belted, a basis for the new costume changes. By Nettie Rosenstein.

About \$185. Bonwit Teller; Harzfeld's; I. Magnin.

Dressed twice with fur: a huge muff of Saga Norwegian blue fox, by Fredrica; a black and brown caracul toque set to one side.

The gilt necklace, by Eisenberg: I. Magnin.

Below: The same dress, under an immensely short-and-snappy African cheetah jacket, with black braid. By Esther Dorothy.



Heyday of the dress

It can also begin this way—

the heyday of the dress: with any one of the good

basic shapes seen here. And there isn't a single piece of addenda

that could do these dresses more fashion-good than the new

buttoned-and-pocketed stole, shown left.



1

1. The new, notable stole shape (first glimpse of it: Vogue's September 1 cover) that is actually a little wrap for a dress or a suit. Here: camel-colour fleece coating, bone-buttoned and white satin lined. By Glentex, \$13. Best's.
2. Long-sleeved slip-sheath of black wool crêpe, with a high round collar, a long-waisted back-belt. By William Fox. \$70. Bergdorf Goodman. Black-dyed fox muff by Winter. Beautiful bogus-leopard hat: Sally Victor.
3. Bell-skirted dress of navy-blue Forstmann sheer wool; long-sleeved basque bodice. By Harvey Berin. About \$95. Bonwit Teller. Black velours casque, eyebrow level: Emme.
4. Slender, well-sleeved dress of amethyst Heller wool-and-rabbit's hair jersey—heavenly colour with mink. By Herbert Schneider. \$40. Jay Thorpe. Pink beret: John Frederics.
5. A dress that's made a success—now being made in black-and-white wool tweed. It's Sportwhirl's Oriental sheath, \$23. Bonwit Teller. White fake-fur snowflake hat: Mr. John.



2



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7

6. Purple wool tweed dress with a low latitude of skirt; violet satined collar and cuffs. By L'Aiglon. About \$30. Lord & Taylor.
7. Oxford-grey worsted Heller jersey shirt-waist dress: crisscross tabs, calfskin belt. By McMullen. About \$35. At Lord & Taylor.
8. Grey wool-and-rabbit's hair dress. By R. & K. \$23. Lord & Taylor. Bag: Océ-Leopard.
9. Sleeveless sheath of brown wool flannel. Not shown: its own tawny striped blazer. The costume by Parade. About \$30. Altman's.
10. Black-and-white wool tweed sheath dress with longish sleeves, bone buttons. By Abe Schrader. About \$35. Saks Fifth Avenue.
11. Slim coat-dress of bronze Security wool jersey. About \$45. By Kane-Weill. Best's.
12. Slip-sheath dress of grey Natona worsted jersey. Satin set collar, satin-tabbed sleeves. By Hannah Troy. \$70. At Bloomingdale's.



8



9



10



11



12

COFFIN

WHAT IS AN ENGLISHMAN?

By Pierre Daninos

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This amusing analysis by a Frenchman of the Englishman is part of an unpublished, untitled book by Pierre Daninos, a spirited, thin-mouthed man of forty-two with a flickering smile, who has had the most tremendous success with his book, The Notebooks of Major Thompson, just published by Alfred A. Knopf. The Major, incidentally, is the first postwar rival to David Low's famous Colonel Blimp. In France Les Carnets du Major Thompson, which began in 1954 as a newspaper series in Le Figaro, has so entranced the public that the book edition has sold more than 430,000 copies; it is now being made into a movie there by Preston Sturges with Jack Buchanan as the Major. In time Daninos plans to send Thompson to Italy and the United States. With the same affectionate but biting humour with which he probed the French, Daninos is probing the Englishman "to the very bottom of his lawn-covered subconscious." His double view actually began when Daninos was attached to a British battalion during the Dunkerque retreat.*

One of the most difficult things, in London, is to meet an Englishman.

The difficulty is even greater in English history where so many peoples have collaborated; there are times when you have to wait six hundred years before coming across a king who was not born in Osnabrück, Hanover, or Blois. The Canutes were Danish, the Plantagenets French, the Tudors Welsh, the Stuarts Scotch, and finally, having got rid of a Scot in order to replace him with a Dutchman on the throne, the English got themselves a German king who did not speak a word of English.

"Good heavens, what of it?" Major Marmaduke Thompson, red as his own flag, retorted. "A Turk can be king of England, for that matter. If we put him in Buckingham Palace it's because we like the fellow, that's all. We aren't going to ask to see his identification card which, mark you, we didn't have before this damned war!"

So I shall leave kings out of it. But without going back to William the Conqueror, the driver of my first London taxi was waging incessant war against the English in a curious foreign accent. He snarled at every red light, chewing on a bit of the *Daily Worker*.

As we passed Buckingham Palace he asked, "Have you ever thought how many taxi drivers could live in there?"

I told him no; I had never considered Buckingham Palace from that angle. Surprised by such irreverence, I asked him if, like most English people, he didn't feel more affection for the crown.

"British I am, but not English," he said. "I'm Welsh."

I thought that I would have more luck at finding a really authentic Englishman at the hotel, but the manager was Swiss, the desk clerk French, the elevator operator Chinese, the chambermaids Irish, the headwaiter French as was the chef, and the waiters Italian.

The evening of the second day, no Englishman having yet crossed my path, I disclosed my perplexity to Mr. Wenger Stücker, the manager.

"I suppose the owner is English?" I asked.

"Mr. MacNamara, the distinguished proprietor of the Elizabethan Hotels chain, is Scottish."

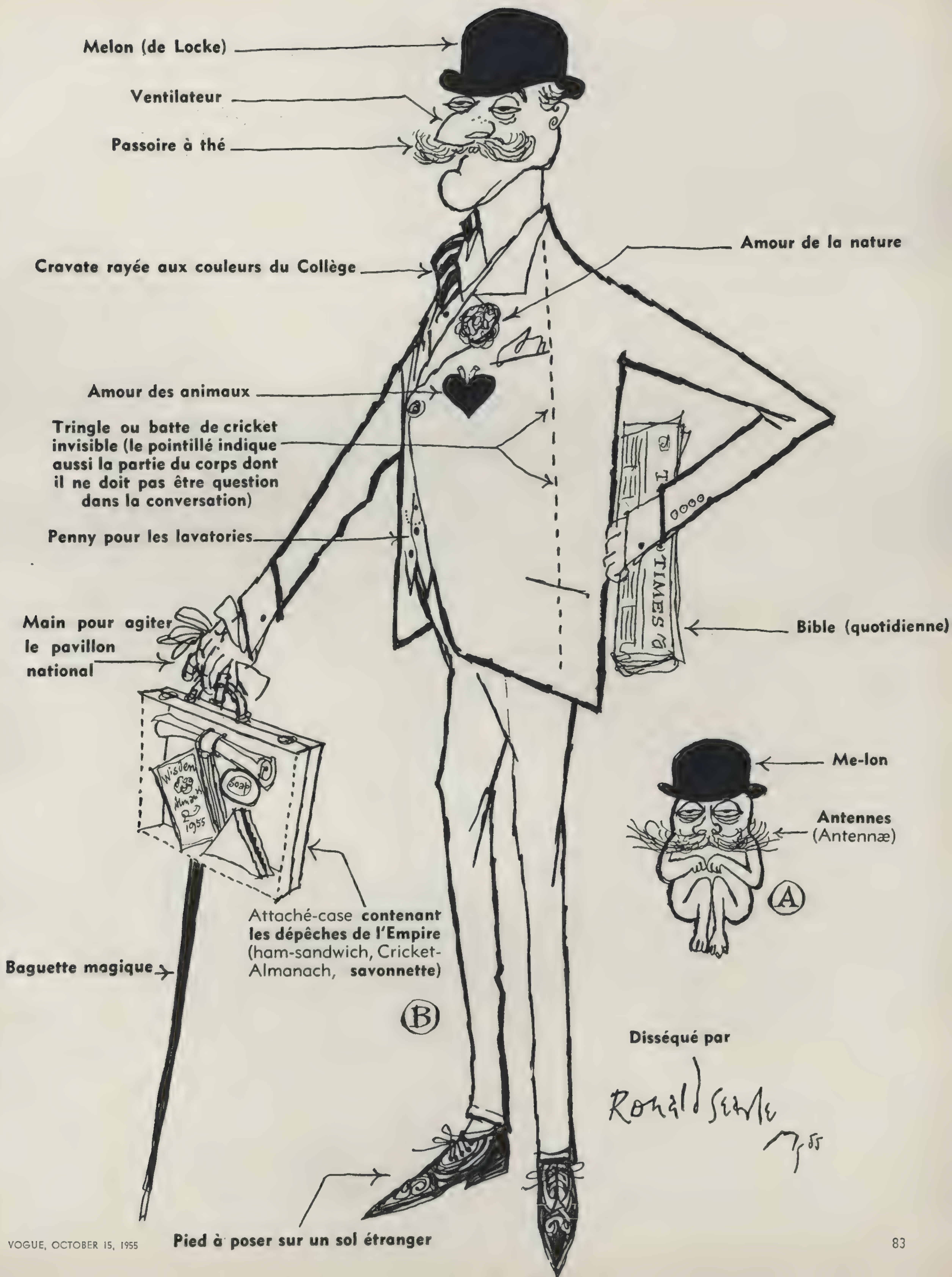
It is a serious error to believe that since 1066 England has never been occupied. She still is—by the Scots. In 1707 they crossed the frontier of the Union and never went back. The Scots are people who feel really at home only when they are someplace else—preferably in England.

A quick tour of Mr. Wenger Stücker's horizon demonstrated that 72.5% of the key positions in the hotel industry, like those in the ministries, the coal mines, the textiles industry, and the rail- (Continued on page 124)

RONALD SEARLE, the British dry-point cartoonist, creator of the famous *Belles of St. Trinian's*, sketched Major Thompson as described by his creator, the Parisian Pierre Daninos.

A. The embryonic Major, with bowler.

B. The Major in full equipment.



PEOPLE
ARE
TALKING
ABOUT...

PENN



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... The switch of tensions from the Far East to the Mediterranean, to Morocco, Algeria, Egypt, and Israel. . . . The trickle of tourists to Russia. . . . The new play, *Tiger at the Gates*, in which the tiger is war, a war which the Trojans for the most part are eager to undertake while the Greeks are willing to negotiate, going so far as to take home to Menelaus his delicious Helen, played by Diane Cilento as though she were a Hollywood baby star making eyes at the fan magazine photographers; the end of it all foreseen by Cassandra, played superbly by Leueen MacGrath with bony wit and snapped-off syllables, less the mournful prophetess than the smartest girl in the class, elated over her own cleverness.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... The squares who are called cubes these days. . . . The way Johnny goes right on reading in spite of the fortunes made by writers who keep saying he can't. . . . The scrap of greyed papyrus, exhibited at the Bodleian Library, on which an Egyptian school-boy of the second or third century, A.D., wrote to his father in uneven, childish letters: "Greeting. It was a fine thing of you not to take me with you to town. If you won't take me with you to Alexandria, I won't write a letter or speak to you. . . . So send for me, I implore you. If you won't send, I won't eat, I won't drink, there now. Farewell."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... Emil Gilels, the extraordinary Soviet pianist, a strong, blond man of almost forty, with a rather austere face, and cheeks like two hard apples, who recently made his first appearance in this country with the Philadelphia Orchestra before his American tour. . . . *Heritage*, Anthony West's new novel in which part of the fun lies in an unblinking, but non-bitter portrait of a famous English author, here called Max. . . . *Rififi*, the French film about four jewel thieves, notable mainly for the muscular tautness of the thirty minutes or so of masterly silent film making when no sound at all of voice or music is heard while the men cut through a ceiling, then deaden the alarms, with all the audience intent on their getting away with the loot. . . . The limp voice of Ruby Murray, a sweet-faced Irish girl of seventeen, with no idea in the world of how to sing, who has a grip on the English radio public.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... The Connecticut revival of "thank-you-ma'ams" on private roads: fat ridges of earth about a foot high, spreading the full width of the road, which compel reckless drivers to either slow up or break an axle. . . . The special shine of the Dr. Spock program, Sunday afternoons on TV, when that tall, grey-haired man with huge horn-rimmed spectacles and a craggy charm, clearly believing that children are delightful and fascinating, discusses them with an unrehearsed group of parents who sometimes don't think so. . . . The English fury at Nancy Mitford, a sister of the Duchess of Devonshire, who wrote for *Encounter* an article on "The English Aristocracy" in which she said: "Ancestry has never counted much in England. The English lord knows himself to be such a very genuine article that, when looking for a wife, he can rise above such baubles as *seize quartiers*. Kind hearts, in his view, are more than coronets, and large tracts of town property more than Norman blood. He marries for love, and is rather inclined to love where money is; he rarely marries in order to improve his coat of arms."

PADDY CHAYEFSKY *opposite*, a squarish, hefty young playwright, is a steady blaze now in both TV and the movies; his most notable accomplishment, *Marty*, a direct and tender drama of a Bronx butcher and love. After three years of TV bustle where his scripts are rehearsed, doctored, and produced in ten days, Chayefsky rather felt that he was living it up in a relaxed Riviera way when the shooting of *Marty* took twenty-one days. (It was made on a quickie budget of \$360,000; is now expected to gross \$3,500,000.) Most of his plays—*The Mother*, *The Bachelor Party*, and *Catch My Boy on Sunday*—have a pared realism with a note of curious grave humour, of Arthur-Kober-land revisited. In conversation, he often slips into a semiconscious affectation of his own dialogue, sloppy and hard: "These guys got no bitterness," he said recently of some younger TV writers. Of his own *Marty*, he said: "I tried to write the dialogue as if it had been wire-tapped." Chayefsky, who has a prickly pear manner and the look of having been put together in something of a hurry, is extraordinarily talented, with twenty-twenty vision about his characters and their situations. Like Fred Coe, former producer of Television Playhouse, he stakes everything on the "pro-Life" approach: "When you get all through with the show, life is worth living in spite of problems; but it doesn't have to have a happy ending."

How to dress for dinners at home



A warm smile, a relaxed manner, an obvious pleasure in the evening—these are some of the handsomest accessories you can wear when you entertain friends in your own house. And the special clothes that you wear can make your guests feel welcomed and valued, too; can actually set the pitch of the party. First of all, the dress with the “party-at-home” flavour should be flattering—for once, chic is secondary. It may well be the most becoming dress you own—for colour, for ease, for highly personal pleasantness. Most likely it will be long, because a long dress seems to make a party more of an occasion, and a woman’s figure more of a perfection. Probably it will be of a pretty colour (the best black isn’t always at its best at home). The colour, incidentally, should compliment both you and your décor. Of course the degree of formality will vary with the number of guests. On these four pages: new clothes for a woman dining at home with friends.





Facing page, left: A warm, luxurious welcome of a dress—of Crompton's carnation-red velvet, with a sable collar. This would be a marvellous way for Vogue's Mrs. Exeter to dress, for dinner-at-home with eight or ten friends. Designed by Perfect. About \$190. Ready at Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

Facing page, right: A delightful dress for a big dinner in your own domain: made formal by its length, its fabric; made intimate by its colour and gentle cut. Of geranium-red faille, with two red velvet stripes appliquéd. From Nina Ricci's collection in Paris.

This page, below: Another Paris dress with the special blend of formal and gentle that marks it for a party at home. Pale-blue satin; from Madeleine de Rauch.

This page, right: A fresh and lovely way to dress, dining at home with six or eight friends—a long Empire shift of geranium jersey. By Sylvan Rich for Martini, in acetate-and-nylon. \$70. Henri Bendel; Montaldo's.



HENRY CLARKE

For parties at home *continued*

Right: A new example of a beautiful, special genre—the dress you wear for dinner within your own four walls, with friends, to flatter them and yourself. Definitely a dinner dress, and not at all tea-gowny, but with a softness and becomingness especially assigned to at-home. This, a two-piece costume of deep-water-blue tweed, with a simple sleeveless top, a full-to-the-floor skirt, an air of extreme ease and elegance. By Jane Derby. About \$68. Elizabeth Arden; Montaldo's.

Below: For a rather small and intimate dinner at home—a long, liquidly flowing dress that is all becoming comfort. It is made of a lavender and black Celanese acetate and wool tweed, interwoven with gilt Lurex thread. The neckline is a deep V, the front is Talon-zippered, all the softness is cinched at the waist. By Robert Rosenfeld. About \$45. Altman's. Photographed in Alex Macdonald's New York apartment.





Right: A fairly festive and very feminine dress for a young hostess to wear, dining at home with eight or ten friends. It's of silk-and-Enka rayon peau de soie, pale grey-blue—great flattery for the complexion. The shape is rather Edwardian: the bodice totally covered; the skirt back-bustled with a beautiful intricate fullness. By Sylvan Rich for Martini, in a Wm. Rose fabric, about \$75. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's.

Below: A gay and easy dinner-at-home costume for a very young hostess, entertaining young guests. The halter top is of white cashmere, cut low to show a pretty back; the skirt (the only short one in this collection) is a full circle of golden rayon brocade. The effect has all the not-fussing ease of a sweater and skirt, and a lot of formality too, because of the bareness of the top, the richness of the brocade. Designed by Jamison. About \$70. From Saks Fifth Avenue.





An eight-page program:

Young new party clothes, young prices

Here's how the young look for a party dress: with multiple vision (the closets of dream houses are furnished with as many pretty dresses as there are parties). From the young fashion viewpoint, no one dress is dazzling enough to do for a whole holiday season. That's why we've collected this variety—and that's why this variety includes some very attractive financial figures (some as little as \$23; a number at \$35). With these clothes—and with the advantages that the young can give them in the way of marvellous complexions, slimness, and a special dash—there's no obligation to wear any one dress to rags. That grim "getting another wear out of it" psychology has probably soured more parties than too many waltzes. Now for the news that'll be dancing at half the young parties before the month is out....

Gold lamé: new spectacular

It is—frankly spectacular. But in its own fresh young way and in its own good time (gold lamé is a this-season find, and just in time to light this season's parties). *Facing page:* Simplest cut of short evening dress, but here it's spectacular—it's quilted gold lamé. (The gold not from Fort Knox; rather, via threads of Lurex through silk.) About \$23. Ermine muff by Rubin. *Right:* First, a sleeveless black knitted wool sheath with a jacket of quilted lamé with knitted collar and cuffs. Costume, \$30. Farther right, a covered swath of gold lamé, in a shirtwaist cut. About \$23. *These dresses:* by Jonathan Logan in junior sizes. Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's; Hudson's; Sakowitz; I. Magnin.

LEOMBRUNO-BODI





Young chiffon—
bouffancy within bounds

This news—and on a financial diet that doesn't exceed \$40; that doesn't *have* to exceed \$25—winter chiffon in strong colours, a not over-billowing shape. Happens to pack nicely, too, this news. Every stitch of it: in a junior size. *Above:* Paisleyed orange-and-yellow chiffon, sleeveless and full-skirted, that wraps to the back. By Will Saunders, of Enka rayon, \$35. Saks Fifth Avenue; Julius Garfinckel; Neiman-Marcus. Opera pumps: gold-coloured satin.



LEOMBRUNO-BODI

Above, at left: A flowing shape of chiffon, coffee-coloured, over brown taffeta (for a brown-eyed blonde, this gentle dress might be the Most Memorable). By Betse Cann of a Folker fabric (Narco rayon, nylon). \$40. Altman's; Bramson's. *At right:* In flame red nylon chiffon: a camisole top with red velvet straps (\$10), a flowing skirt (\$15). By Tween Jane: Bonwit Teller; Harzfeld's. Newton Elkin slippers: Lord & Taylor. Hanes seamless sandalfoot stockings.

Young looks—coat to ball dress

Looks fresh, looks pretty, this junior-size news—looks well on the ledger, too. *Pictured below:* The sheath idea—and sheath dresses might have been designed just for young evenings—at left, knitted black wool dinner sliver by Sue Brett, of Style Trend jersey; \$23. Russeks. Centre right, a short bare dinner sheath of red satin (Du Pont acetate) with a matching sleeveless jacket that buttons down the back. By Rego, \$35. Saks Fifth Avenue. Far right, a fresh white textured sheath of brocaded cotton-and-acetate. By Hayette, \$23. At Saks Fifth Avenue. *Pictured directly right:* Left, dazzling young form of brocade—gold and aquamarine silk. By Sylvia Franklin, \$50. “Miss Bergdorf,” at Bergdorf Goodman. Centre right, bouffancy in one of its newest forms—a billowing skirt on a sweater top. This pale-blue dress: an Angora bodice, a skirt of Celanese acetate satin. By Parklane, \$30. Bendel’s Young-Timers. Far right, an embroidered beige jersey bodice attached to a full white silk satin skirt. By Madeleine Fauth (the bodice, Sag-No-Mor worsted). \$70. Bendel’s Young-Timers. *Pictured right, below:* Cream and pink brocade, in young costume form—a sleeveless sheath, rather-mandarin coat (with a Milium lining). Both these, by Mam’selle, of Celanese acetate and rayon, \$70. Bonwit Teller. Centre right, a black rayon velvet sheath coat. By Tina Rae, \$50. Far right, could be the girl in the red dress who has the best time at the party. The sure-fire dress: red nylon tulle in short evening form, by Rappi, \$80. This, the black velvet coat: Saks Fifth Avenue. *Men in the picture*, pages 90 to 97, in Rudofker dinner clothes; Lord & Taylor.





LEOMBRUNO-BODI





Young dazzle—
straight whiteness

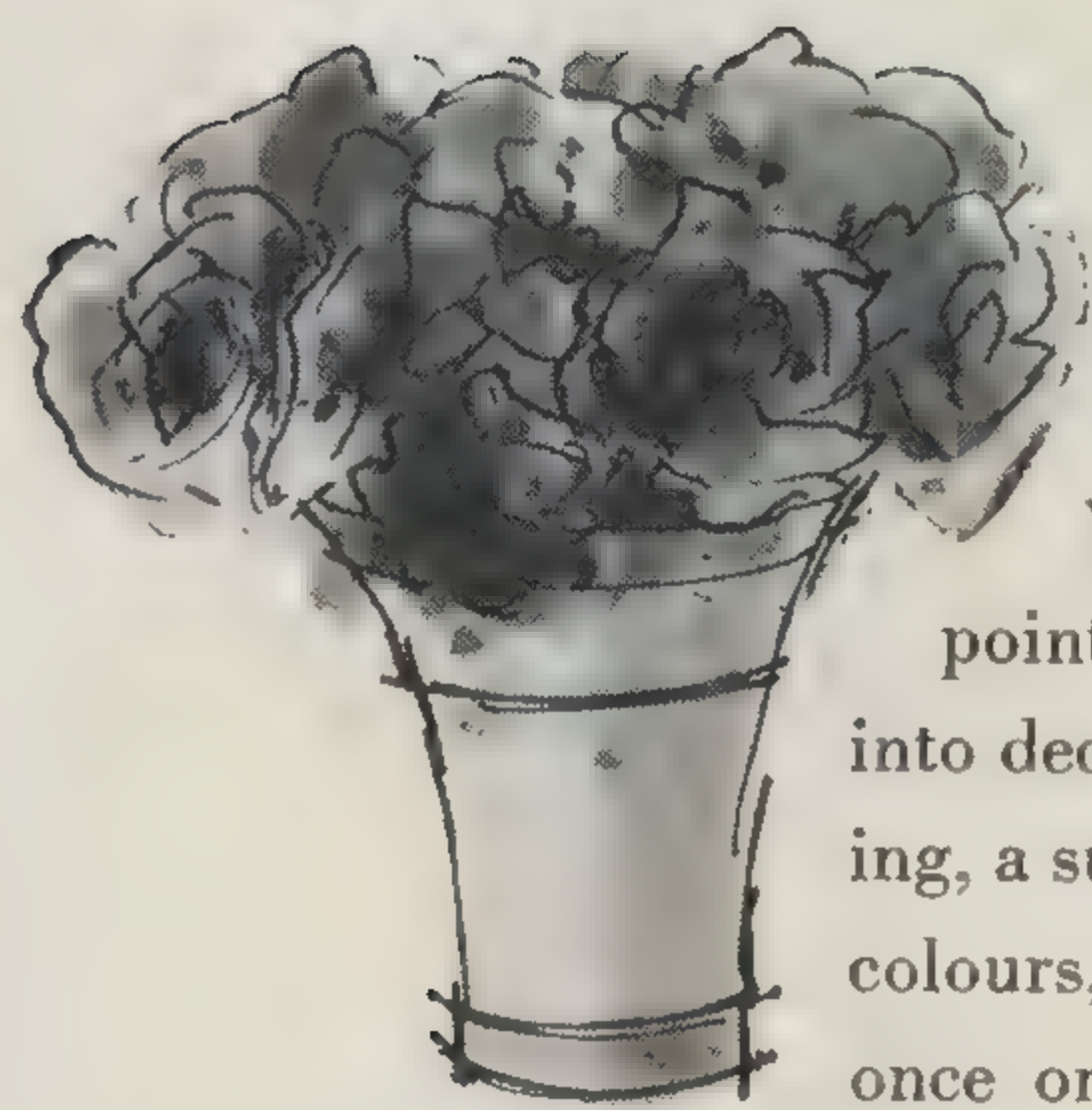
Much more than a dress-for-the-party, here. In each case there's a look—a look of excitement *and* a look of fashion authority. Each: for junior sizes. *Above:* A dress (and an inhabitant) with enough fashion authority to handle a completely new evening-dress length. Anklebone sheath of white worsted jersey with edgings of appliqué glitter. By Junior Sophisticates, made of Sag-No-Mor jersey, \$70. Bonwit Teller; Wanamaker's, Phila.; I. Magnin. Sandals: Delman.



LEOMBRUNO-BODI

Above, left: A stopper—at the theatre, at dinner. (Formula: breathtaking fabric, casual lines.) Sheath and red-satin-lined jacket, of brocaded white rayon glittered with Lurex, \$90. By Jack Horwitz. At “Miss Bergdorf”; Frost Bros. *Above, right:* White satin coat; bare-back dress of khaki corduroy (same corduroy lines the coat). Both by Junior Sophisticates: the coat of Orlon-and-silk satin, \$90. Crompton corduroy dress, \$25. Bendel’s Young-Timers; Daniels & Fisher.

Brilliant summer colours for winter rooms



Warmth: that's the point, here. That's the point of the flower-garden colours that are coming into decorating now—like a new kind of radiant heating, a sudden new lighting, for winter rooms. Brilliant colours, sunshine-y colours, summer colours—colours once only associated with summer houses, with sun on green lawns, bunches of zinnias blazing in every room. The new colours in upholstery materials, wallpapers, even floor coverings, capture the brilliance, the warmth and gaiety of summer, and hold it even on the darkest winter days. (Even in city grime, too; for most of the new materials have that easy-to-maintain quality that's a major joy of summer houses.)

The colours are used in a new profusion—sometimes, with a new abandon. In the two rooms shown opposite, a whole range of yellows—lemon-yellow, honey-yellow, gold—floods one light-walled room, another with dark walls. On the four pages that follow, you see more unhackneyed uses of summer colour: A whole fistful of colours (some from Siam, where it's summer *all* the time), against white walls, against off-white walls. A delicious green room that starts with blue-spruce-green in the rug, fades to pale lettuce-green in the ceiling. A room all blues, from bright, clear Bristol-glass blue to the soft blue of a Tiepolo sky. Colours like orange, turquoise, lacquer-red, acid lime-green, used as unexpected accents.

Abetting this richness of colour is the textural richness of new decorating fabrics: cottons and linens in damask weaves; brocade prints; velvets with a new practicality; cross-woven silks. Abetting it, too, are dramatic new ways of handling space. In Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Delson's apartment (opposite page, top) the sweeping-away of doorsills, the white walls, white vinyl floor inlaid with diagonal brass strips, all amplify the actual space, and make an airy background for the play of yellows. In Mr. Amster's dining room (opposite, below) the range of yellows is equally effective against dark walls—here, the colour of Grand Marnier. More information about both these rooms, and more decorating news, on page 126.

40 new ideas in decorating

(Many, shown on these and the next four pages; and described in more detail on page 126)

1. Shades of yellow against white walls.
2. Fluid space—no doorsills.
3. Marble (or marble-like) floors, brass-inlaid.
4. Curtains in new textures, used without draperies.
5. Revival of painted furniture—Venetian, Provincial, Louis XVI—as notes in the new colour palette.
6. Revival of Bristol glass, opaline glass.
7. Shades of yellow against dark walls.
8. Dark shutters; no curtains or draperies.
9. Wrought iron with new formality, in shape, colour.
10. New textures in wall coverings: wood, linen, burlap.
11. Brilliant Siamese colours against white walls.
12. Open floor plan—no partitions.
13. "Floating" furniture—cantilevered, legless.
14. Window walls, all glass, uncurtained.
15. New kind of spiral staircase.
16. Hand-woven Moroccan rugs in new colours.
17. Splash of pale colours against white walls.
18. Sheer curtains hung with new formality.
19. Spot-proofed velvets . . . in the new brilliant colours.
20. Wallpapers: brilliant patterns, light grounds.
21. Shades of green against white walls.
22. One colour: darkest on floor, lightest on ceiling.
23. Mouldings (real or wallpaper), in flower-garden colours.
24. Play of texture against texture for contrast.
25. New architectural use of real plants.
26. Shades of blue against palest blue walls.
27. Shuttered doors, lacquered navy blue.
28. White lacquer tables, chairs.
29. Rush chair seats lacquered white.
30. New ceiling—sky-blue paper, white clouds.
31. Linen damasks, linen moires.
32. Tweed-textured rugs in new colours.
33. Wrought-iron chair wrapped in leather.
34. Shades of blue and green against white walls.
35. Painted rattan, painted bamboo—indoors.
36. Oriental accents of lacquer, porcelain, ivory.
37. Venetian-type damasks of linen or cotton.
38. New range of colours, textures, in ready-made carpets.
39. Ceiling panels, often of stained or frosted glass.
40. Unusual "accent" rugs—newly important.



KERTÉSZ

Shades of yellow against white—
in the New York apartment
of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Delson,
like a small, sunny Italian *palazzo*.
White walls, white vinyl floor,
brass-inlaid; chairs covered in
various yellows, like alloys of gold.
Designed by Melanie Kahane.

Shades of yellow against dark—
in this case, burnt-orange walls;
black shutters at the uncurtained
windows. Dining chairs covered
in black glove-leather, other chairs
painted Venetian blue and
covered in a range of yellows.
All, in James Amster's dining room.

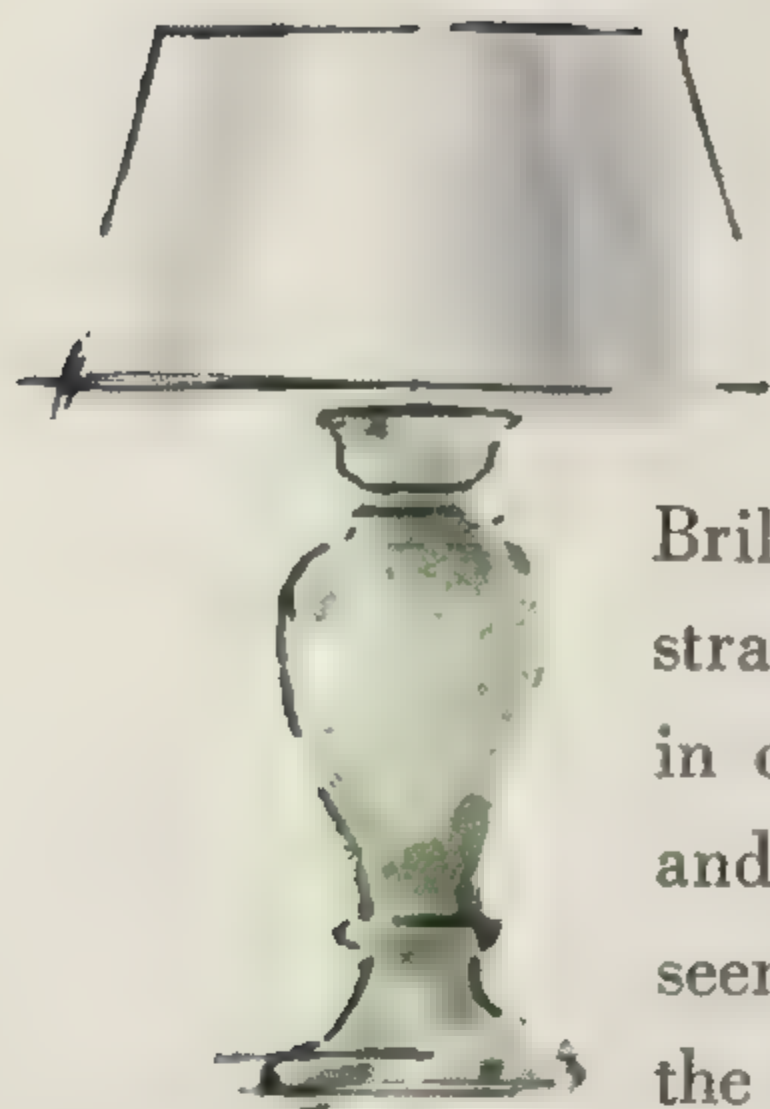




Brilliant Siamese colour
against white: in the Robert Scotts'
Maryland house, bright Siamese silk
for many, coloured cushions
on two huge sofas; white walls.
Other walls of glass;
cantilevered, "floating" furniture;
spiral staircase. Architect and
designer, Henry Hebbeln.



Brilliant colour against off-white:
Mrs. Archibald Brown's bedroom
in Southampton. Red silk velvet
bedcover (made from a theatre curtain);
jonquil-yellow easy chair;
accents of turquoise,
of Bristol-glass green—all against
off-white walls. Mrs. Brown heads
the decorating firm, McMillen, Inc.



Summer colours *continued*

Shades of green against white—darkest green in the rug, lightest on the ceiling—in William Kennedy's garden-y drawing room. News, too: the wallpaper moulding; the use of real ivy vines on trellises.

Brilliant idea—summer colours in year-round rooms; brilliantly demonstrated in the three rooms shown here. All are rich not only in colour, but in decorating news—designing news too, particularly in the house of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Scott (top of page, opposite). Built on stilts, the house seems to float in trees, with some walls entirely of glass. The open floor plan, the airy spiral staircase, rising through a glass cube, enhance this floating quality. Even in winter, when the trees are bare, the room is warmed by strong, bright colours. (Not shown in this sketch is a huge, corner-turning stone fireplace that adds warmth, too.) In Mrs. Archibald Brown's Southampton bedroom (below, opposite), the strawberry-red cover on the painted antique Spanish bed was once part of a magnificent silk velvet theatre curtain; the Adam desk chair, Louis XVI side chairs, all painted, add notes of colour. Sheer Swiss voile curtains, braid-bound, are hung with delightful formality at the Palladian window. William Kennedy's design for a drawing room (sketched below) opening onto a terrace, is a garden of greens. Treillages support growing ivy vines, lighted at night; rustic pieces, faïence leaves add to the garden-y effect. More details about these rooms on page 126.





Shades of blue against pale-blue walls, in a Palm Beach living room designed by William Baldwin. (It would be just as handsome up North.) Tweed-textured rug; wallpapered ceiling of blue sky, white clouds.

Shades of blue and green against white walls, accents of Chinese lacquer-red—in John Wisner's high, airy living room. News: rattan, painted, used for a formal sofa.



Summer colours *continued*

Summer colours in winter—probably the best season-switching idea since air conditioning; illustrated on the four preceding pages, and again here. With this new surge of summer colour, summer brilliance, comes a happy new approach to decorating. A living room designed for a Palm Beach house suddenly looks not only possible, but delightful, for a city apartment. Materials like wrought iron, bamboo, rattan, are used indoors with a new formality, even elegance. Summery sheer curtains (many in new textures) hang airily in winter

rooms, often without heavier draperies. Growing plants flourish all over the house. More new ideas shown on these pages: In the Palm Beach living room above, left, designed by William Baldwin, the fresh look of lacquer on shuttered doors, tables, rush chair seats; linen moire at the window, pale linen on the sofa; the wallpapered ceiling. In Mr. John Wisner's living room, below, the mix of Chinese and Italian Directoire furniture; accents of lacquer, of Chinese porcelain. In Mr. and Mrs. Paul Wilhelm's apartment, opposite, the latticed metal panel supporting a new rod-and-staff lighting fixture; the "floating" fireplace, ceiling panels; unexpected accents—an East Indian rug, pre-Columbian pottery and sculpture.





KERTÉSZ

Almost forty new decorating ideas right here—in Mr. and Mrs. Paul Wilhelm's apartment, designed by Alvin Lustig. In the living room, above: one dark wall, one of white; chrome chairs covered in black leather; yellow curtains; brilliant cushions on the banquette.

The library (right) has white walls, black ceiling with "floating" white panels; lacquer-red curtains; sofa-cushions of lime-green, orange, red. Important accent—the East Indian rug, its colours faded, delicious. More about these rooms, page 126.



THE ONE-MENU HOSTESS

By Sophie Kerr



Table setting for the one-menu, or the many-menu, hostess, executed for the fourth "Art in Interiors" exhibition at the Midtown Galleries in New York. A setting for a small dinner for four; against pale-pink walls, a mahogany banquette with felt cushions in begonia colours—pink, crimson, orange—for two of the diners; for the other two, mahogany chairs with Regency shell backs, white silk upholstery. The round table has a white marble top, a Venetian base of black iron flecked with gilt. All, to order from Ellen Lehman McCluskey Interiors. On the table—gold leaf shell plates and, under them, Wedgwood's white plates; cut crystal goblets; a white Longton Hall shell centerpiece. All from Alice Marks. White linen napkins, gold-embroidered; crystal shell ash trays; menu holders (for that famous one-menu); all, Baccarat & Porthault. Sterling silver candlesticks, Queen Anne copies; Robert Ensko. Sterling silver snuffboxes, big enough for cigarettes; Museum Silver Shop. Flat sterling silver, Reed & Barton's "Tara" (shown also on page 132). Six-piece place setting, \$34.75, including tax; Macy's.

This is no new idea but the timely revival of an old one. It falls in the category of keeping-the-cook-happy when giving dinners and luncheons—which today is no small ambition. The first step is to study the range of the cook's talents so there'll be no uncertainty in the kitchen or in the dining room. The clever hostess—with the counsel of her cook—will write a Fixed Star Menu for one luncheon and one dinner, and repeat these whenever she entertains.

It's grand and glorious to be able to say: "Eight for dinner next Wednesday, and we'll have the Star Menu," with no worry about what-shall-we-have; and it's music to the hostess's ears when her guests come in with greedy expectant remarks: "Are we going to have that dreamy Honey Mousse tonight?" The hostess gives a Cheshire smile. "How wonderful of you to remember!" she says. And all is peace and joy.

The hostess's greatest care is for the original menu, and here there are definite restrictions. A Fixed Star Menu must be on a tightrope balance between the usual and the unusual, worked out with a wary sense of people who love new dishes and people who can't abide them. If there's a sauce served with the roast, the meat must also be delicious without sauce, since sauces are barred from some regimens. Vegetables must not be on the odd side, and there are certain other taboos. Fondly as you may love onions, garlic, chives, leeks, and scallions, never offer them to guests unless you know they share your taste. Certain diets bar certain ways of cooking, and anything fried or sautéed must be balanced by another dish of the same genre cooked in another way. With desserts the hostess may have an imaginative fling, yet I have found that some old-fashioned simple sweets like Blackberry Mush and Apple Brown Betty are eaten with pleased surprise. I know one house where guests arrive expectant of hot gingerbread with lemon sauce. But what gingerbread it is. And what lemon sauce. Creamy rice pudding with dates, instead of raisins, is the specialty of another hostess, and is always a hit, especially with the men guests.

Yet there are times when the Fixed Star must be Variable. Markets do not always have the wanted supplies; hot weather Fixed Menus are not suitable for winter. So the hostess makes notes for the right substitutes—a very few will do the trick; cold soup and cold dessert in the dog days as against hot soup and dessert in snow and sleet. At times, also, a Fixed Star Menu must be enlarged to a more impressive length, done usually by (1) a light *canapé* before the soup; (2) a fish course between the soup and the roast; (3) a salad with *pâté* or cheese accessory after the roast.

A famous editor once remarked that he was "bold alike to imitate and originate." A fine sound policy for hostesses, too.

Luncheon for two in a Japanese setting, designed for the "Art in Interiors" exhibition. The table (actually two tables pushed together, of white formica with tubular brass legs) rests on a movable platform made of a plywood door, topped with foam rubber and tightly covered with *tatami* (Japanese straw matting). Such a platform embellished with cushions and bolsters, can also be used as a Japanese-style sofa. All, designed by David Leavitt, of the architectural firm of Raymond and Rado. The painting, William Thon's "Moonrise"; Midtown Galleries. On the table, or tables—pure-white plates, soup bowls, salt and pepper shakers, of Continental "Charcoal" porcelain, designed by Raymond Loewy. Swedish teakwood salad bowl, salad fork and spoon. Crystal goblets, Baccarat & Porthault's "Montaigne" design. All: Saks Fifth Avenue's Guest and Gift Shop. White linen napkins, fruit-embroidered; Baccarat & Porthault. Flat silver, Towle's new sterling silver pattern, "Silver Spray" (a close-up is on page 132); six-piece place setting, \$35, tax inc. Saks Fifth Avenue.



KERTÉSZ

7 Possible menus for the one-menu hostess

LUNCHEON MENUS

MELON SLICES WITH PROSCIUTTO
STEAK MINUTE
POPOVERS STRING BEAN SALAD
SOUR CREAM PEACH PIE
BLACK COFFEE

INDIVIDUAL PIZZA
CHICKEN (OR LOBSTER) SALAD
IN DEVILLED EGG ASPIC RING
CORN STICKS
COMPOTE OF ORIENTAL PLUMS
(well-sugared and touched with *Slivovitz*)
PECAN MACAROONS
BLACK COFFEE

INDIVIDUAL CHEESE SOUFFLÉS
CRISP FRIED BREAST OF CHICKEN
GREEN RICE CUCUMBER STICKS
ORANGE LAYER CAKE
BLACK COFFEE

Apéritifs: Medium dry sherry and dry Madeira.

Drink to serve with luncheon: an old-fashioned claret cup.

Have the popovers red-hot.

The pie should be made early and lightly chilled.

Apéritif: Dry Cinzano, chilled, lemon peel squeeze.

Drink to serve with luncheon: a sound Chianti.

The pizzas must leap from oven to table.

Chill the compote thoroughly.

Apéritif: Dry French vermouth with a drop of Amer Picon.

Drink to serve with luncheon: Muscadet wine (Loire), chilled.

Peel cucumbers, cut in long slices, eat from fingers with salt.

Orange layer cake should be fresh and deliciously gooey.

DINNER MENUS

SHRIMP AND OYSTER BISQUE
(OR STRAINED CHICKEN OKRA)
QUARTER-SIZE HOT BISCUIT
SADDLE OF LAMB
(jellied fresh mint sauce)
JUNE PLATT'S DEEP-DISH
GREEN PEA TART
POTATOES ANNA
HOT APRICOT PUDDING
BLACK COFFEE

HOT MADRILÈNE
(OR COLD GAZPACHO)
ROAST TENDERLOIN OF BEEF
(horse-radish sauce)
SQUARES OF
HOT BLUEBERRY MUFFIN BREAD
CORN FRITTERS
(OR CORN PUDDING)
BAKED APPLE AND RAISIN DUMPLINGS
(Calvados hard sauce)
BLACK COFFEE

Pre-dinner drinks: Rye and bourbon mists; hot roasted filberts.

The dinner wine: White Burgundy, cool, not icy.

Add a noticeable dash of apricot brandy to the pudding sauce.

Make mint sauce early, let it jell firm, serve sliced.

Pre-dinner drink: Old-fashioned, short of sugar; hot cheese *canapés* full of cayenne.

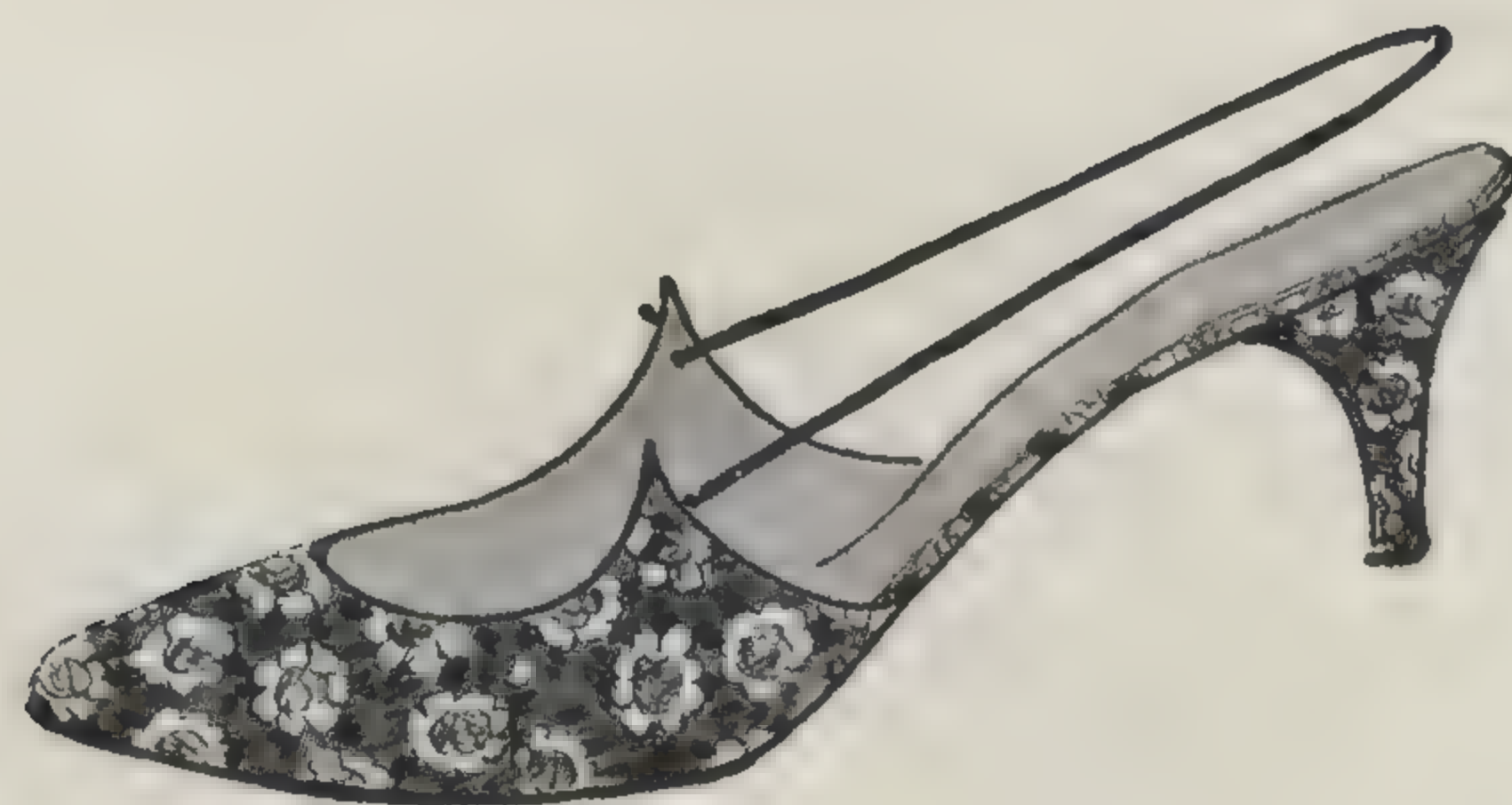
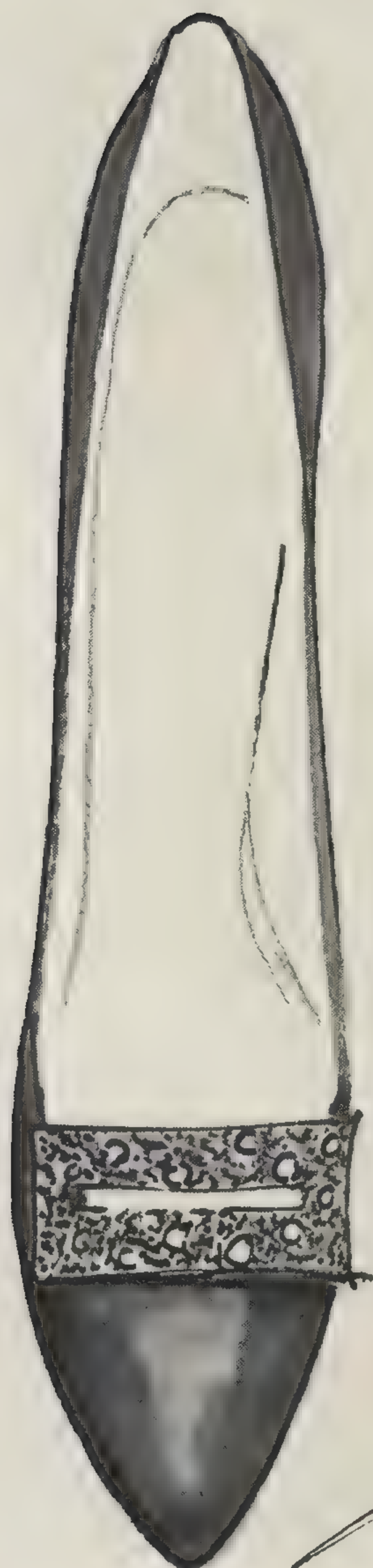
Thin slice of lemon in the Madrilène.

The dinner wine: A hearty red Burgundy or Rhône, uncorked an hour before dinner *pour respirer*.

Put slathers of blueberries in the muffin bread; it is odd and delicious with the beef.

More dinner menus on page 129

Evening dressing—
the velvet coat,
the sparkling shoe



Payson

Here are handsome new ways of evening dressing—over and above (and below) the dress itself. New black velvet evening coats, and silken evening slippers, brocaded and jewelled.

Facing page: Evening coat, ankle-length—evidence that the ankle-length evening dress is very much with us.

Of Martin's black Celanese and Avisco rayon velvet, with a white ermine collar, jewelled buttons, generous skirt. Luxurious cover for a wide-skirted ball dress, or a long slither of a dinner sheath.

By Frank Leto, \$185. Lord & Taylor.

The ermine muff, by Rubin.

This page, below, right: A short black velvety evening coat, to close closely over a sheath dress, to let fall free over an expansive skirt.

The collar is big enough to become a hood, in a meteorological emergency.

By Petite Miss; of rayon velvet.

About \$60. Altman's; Famous-Barr.

White furry beret, by Madcaps, satin

bag, by Ingber: both, Altman's.



Above: Two jewelled black silk shoes, to embellish evenings.

At the left, a magnificent opera pump of black silk brocade, its white heel jewelled with jet.

By Evins. About \$60, at I. Miller.

At the right, a pointed opera pump of black satin, with a glittering bar-pin of marcasite at the front.

By Newton Elkin. About \$27. Lord & Taylor.

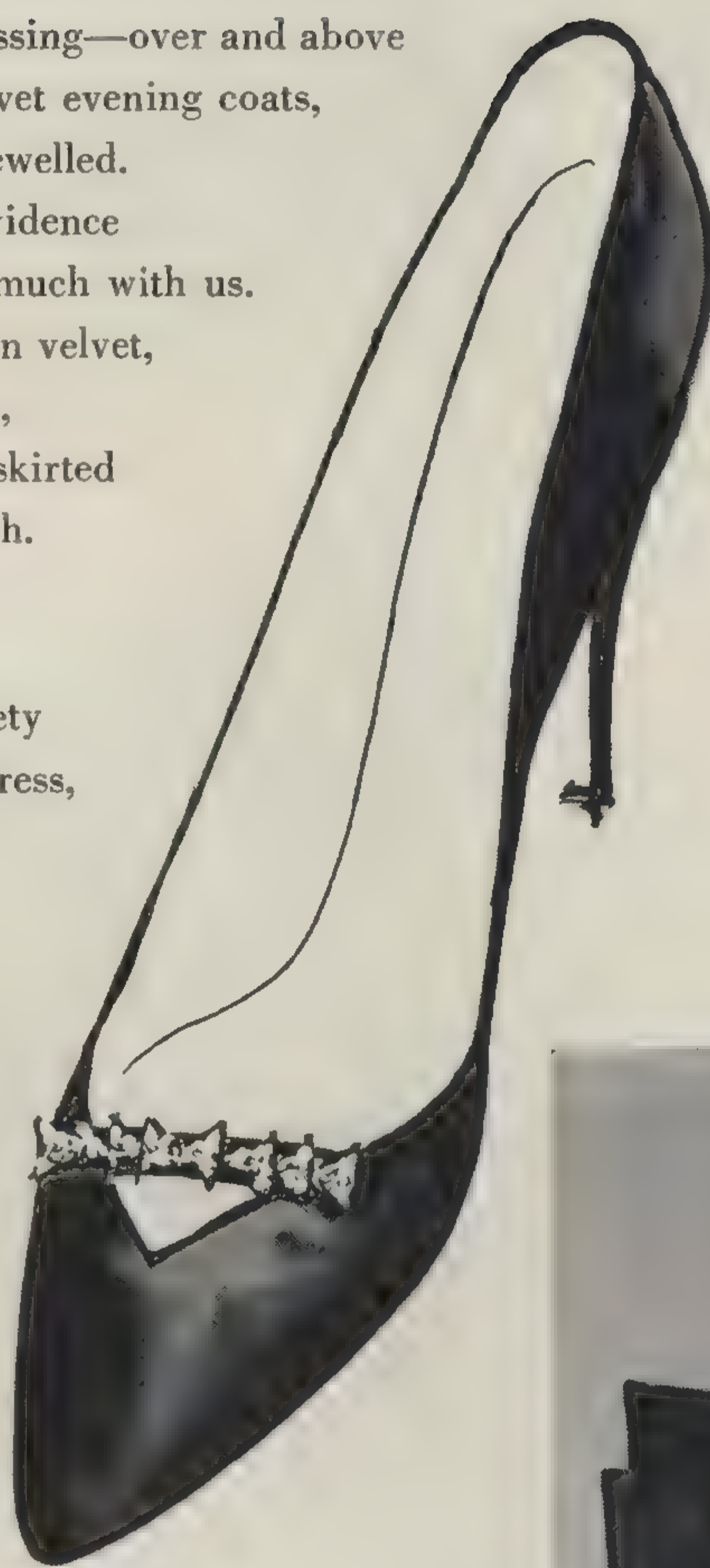
Facing page: Three new fascinations: evening shoes by an important name in young shoe design—namely, Pappagallo.

Far left: A very pointy and pretty opera pump of brown silk satin, with a big buckle set with sparkling bronze-coloured stones. About \$15.

Centre: Black and gold brocade shoe with an unexpected side-show, and a small graceful heel. About \$15.

Right: A most unusual evening slipper—black, gold, red, and lavender brocade, with a thread of patent leather to hold it to the heel. About \$15.

All three Pappagallo shoes are at "Miss Bergdorf," shop-within-a-shop at Bergdorf Goodman.



COFFIN



New: the fur-sleeved fur

Left: Fur-on-fur is an established fashion by now, but this is a different matter. Here no touch-of-contrast, but an important arm's-length of news: contrasting sleeves, that narrow the torso and lengthen the line. The coat, black-dyed Alaska sealskin, broad-collared, the almost slender sleeves of Umpa blue-black ranch mink. By and at Maximilian; also at Holt Renfrew of Canada. New depth of hat: satin-tied sealskin toque, by Emme. Gold and diamond jewels: Schlumberger.

New: small straight cape

Right: Last year you might have bought a jacket just this length (no fear—it's as smart as ever), but this year it might be a cape along *these* lines: straight, seemingly narrow, and softly, roundly collared. To wear? With any narrow skirt and (a plus of capes) with any full-skirted evening dress, too. This, shaped of Great Lakes dark ranch mink. By and at Ben Kahn; also at Creed's of Toronto. Satin and tulle hat by Emme. The gold and diamond jewels: Schlumberger.





What's here—here on these pages and here now in American shops: good English day looks that cover, between them, day in the country, day in town, day in travel. Each, we think, has a special English quality, a quiet individuality, a difference of fabric, and a colour-sense that's good fashion, anywhere. . . .

1. A daily dress of a not-everyday sort: coat-dress with high back-blousing; slenderness buttoned from revers to hem. Made of a lightweight grey worsted wool, by Frederick Starke. About \$100. Ready now, in America, at I. Magnin.

2. The closer, shorter jacket—seen through English eyes (and followed immediately by a flurry of pleats). Leafy-green wool jersey suit, designed in England by Spectator of London. About \$115. At Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin.

3. In cherry-red wool, an English coat—definitely *not* a tight little island in the fashion sense. It's good city advice, good country, good travel. Of loose-woven deep-textured wool. By Spectator of London, about \$60. Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin.

4. One of the brightest pieces of country jacket thinking to come along, red, green, and black plaid with this for warmth: a pair of ribbed wool undersleeves, a wool jersey lining. By Spectator of London, about \$70. Gimbels; I. Magnin.

5. Well-turned out figure of a town suit, with a nice new close-lined ease, the brightest colour in the books, and a whole new weave of fabric—the British call this "facecloth," a velvety, close-woven wool with microscopic loops in its weave. The suit by Matita, about \$155. In America at Altman's; I. Magnin.

6. It's the most: most sweater, most unexpected colour. Brilliant sherbet-pink wool, thickly knit; fine thing after skiing, or pulled over a black sheath. By Dorville, about \$23. At Gimbels; I. Magnin.

7. Smart organization here: dress and jacket of a single tweed—tomato-red with black and white flecked in. The dress, a close, collarless sheath; the jacket substantial enough to count as a coat. By Hardy Amies, about \$185. Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin; Holt Renfrew of Canada.

Fashion news from England: here and now





8. Very handsome cut of weather-proofing and—good looks aside—it couldn't be more businesslike, with its close-buttoned wrists, button-down pockets, and highly rain-repellent fabric (the same cotton-and-nylon cloth that outfitted the Everest expedition). Beige raincoat by Aquascutum, about \$85. Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin.

9. Individualistic little suit—the elements involved are a black wool jersey skirt (the slenderest sort), and a creamy-coffee-colour poplin shirt with a touch of chinoiserie to the cut. The suit-jacket's a loose blazer of velvety black corduroy. Here it's worn with a deep cloche, for town; but it could be disassembled into wonderful country separates. Costume by Horrockses. Ready now at Altman's; I. Magnin.

10. A slow-fitting town suit, loosely loomed dark wool tweed, mottled black-brown-white. Beneath the gently-curved jacket, there's a beige jersey blouse. Costume by Dorville. About \$110. At Altman's; I. Magnin.

11. A smart day-costume based on two degrees of tweeding: the brief top-coat's a magnified version of the brown-and-black speckled wool of the suit underneath. The costume by Jacqmar, about \$145. Altman's; I. Magnin.

12. A slender, sliding curve of pale blond wool tweed. Points about this town coat: the generous collar, meagre shoulders, the belt. By Dorville, about \$100. Gimbel's; I. Magnin.

13. A day-dress that's all arabesques and curves, all ease, not cinch-fitted. The gentle fit appears to be a matter of belts and tabs. Fabric: a delicious wool tweed of pale mauve, deep violet. This dress by Harry Popper, about \$145. Altman's; I. Magnin.

14. Handsome dress usage: looking rather like a suit. Above the slender skirt, the blouse bells out from four deep pleats. The belt's an interesting plait of leathers (antelope, calfskin). This fabric: black wool serge. By Frederick Starke, about \$95. At Bonwit Teller; Hudson's; I. Magnin.





PRIGENT

Black tweed sheath and jacket costume: one of the best runabouts we could name—another, Sabena Airlines' helicopter photographed here, which brings a large slice of northwestern Europe to within an hour of Brussels.

There's a new phrase in travel-language: "city hopping"—which, thanks to Belgium's Sabena Airlines, has been getting travellers around northern Europe in the pleasantest possible way. The system involves helicopters, each one taking seven passengers, that hop about the continent (specifically Belgium, Holland, northern France, West Germany, Luxemburg) like pogo sticks. In fact, there's now a "heliport" in just about every major city in this area. The helicopters cruise at a comfortable low altitude (nice eye view for sightseers), make it possible to spend a day seeing the Cologne cathedral, or the Breughels at Rotterdam's Boymans Museum—and be back in Brussels for dinner. (One good restaurant-choice: L'Épaule de Mouton.) On these four pages: a city-hopping wardrobe, collected in red, black, and white, by Sportwhirl, for day or evening plans. *Facing page:* Leaving the Brussels Heliport for a week-end run to West Germany. Black wool tweed sheath and jacket, each about \$23. Sportwhirl black wool knitted bag. Emme hat. *Left, below:* The coat that covers any day or dinner costume here. With a belt set low at the back, it's of black Anglo wool tweed lined with Milium. About \$70. Black hat by Madcaps. *Right, below:* One of this collection's best travellers: a red knitted wool dress (unbelted here) that could operate as a coat over the sheath opposite; that shows no signs of suitcase-living. About \$36. (Shoes here: by Mannequin.) *Everything:* by Sportwhirl, Peck & Peck; Joseph Magnin.

Belgian tour: new way, new wardrobe



Checking in at the Sabena Air Terminal in Brussels, after a quick run (an hour's run) up to Cologne, our helicopter-seasoned traveller in a black wool coat.



Sightseeing dress (bright sight in itself—it's of knitted red wool) against the background of one of Bruges's several canals.

Fashion tour de force *continued*



Restaurant costume: tweed sheath, unjacketed, now jewelled. Restaurant surprise at the Carlton: a specialty called *marcassin* (turns out to be young boar).

Facing page: Photographed at Bruges (Brugge in Flemish), a town just outside Brussels famous for its canals, its beautiful fourteenth-century houses. Bruges today is very much as it was four hundred years ago—when it was abandoned as one of the leading seaports of Belgium. The costume here: a black and white herringbone tweed skirt, with becoming fullness, a taffeta lining. Worn with a tailored white shirt of silk broadcloth, a heavy knit waist-length cardigan of black wool. Skirt, about \$20; shirt, about \$15; sweater, about \$17. Obviously a costume with a lot of sightseeing ahead. And probably next on the schedule in Bruges: the great Memling collection at the Hôtel St.-Jean. The following day, a visit to the cathedral in Ghent to see Van Eyck's "Adoration of the Lamb." *Left, below:* The black wool tweed sheath, shown here without the jacket, and showing here its talents as a late-day dress. This smooth, uncluttered neckline can take a lot of jewellery. Background: the Carlton—another good Brussels restaurant. *Right, below:* Another smart late-day look for the black wool tweed sheath. It's sparked here with a gleaming white rayon satin apron, a matching, back-of-the-head beret by Madcaps. Apron, about \$11. The background here: in the heart of the Brussels theatre district, at an ice-cream stand decorated like a trolley, festooned with strings of coloured lights. *Everything: by Sportwhirl, at Peck & Peck; Joseph Magnin.*



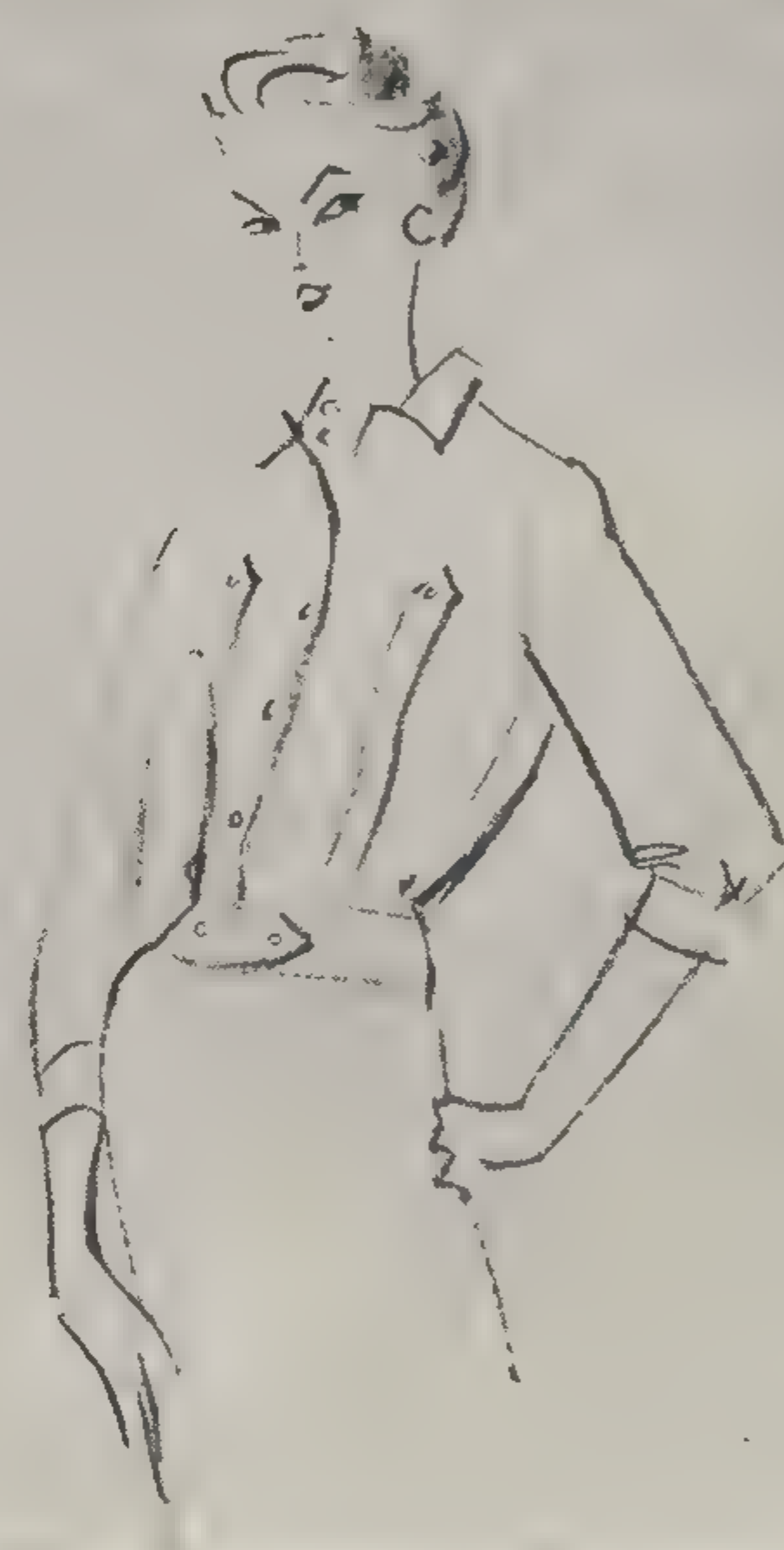
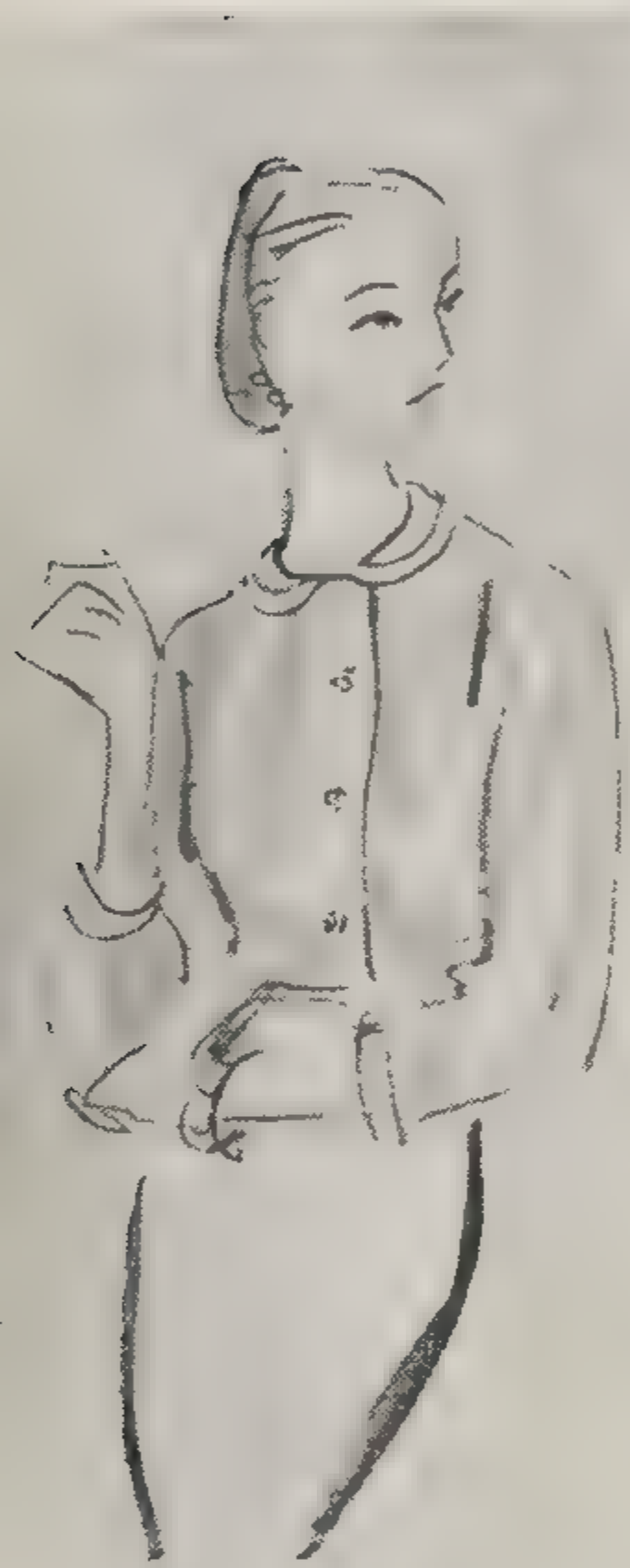
Dressed for the theatre: the black wool sheath with a white satin apron and beret. Scene: a Brussels ice-cream bar done up as a trolley.



PRIGENT

Mild-weather costume, fine day ahead—she's at Bruges
(where she's gone by helicopter) to see the great
Memling and Van Eyck collections at the famous Hôtel St.-Jean.

Fashion, collected
by blouse



Overbouse, suit blouse, dinner blouse: new form of each, here—each with something special about it in cut, in fabric (and very likely in skirt).

Standing figure, left: White satin dinner shirt in one of the most exciting fabrics man ever made: Orlon-and-silk satin (complexion of an angel—and washable).

By Helitzer, \$30, Best's. Skirt, slimmest yet, and with the newest fashion measurement: ankle-length.

Black rayon velvet. By Alice Stuart, \$18. Stern's.

Standing figure, right: Shirt, newest stopper—white kid-glove leather, tailored to the nines, washable.

By Leathermodes in a suède that appears to have been buffed. \$40. Grey flannel slacks by Evan-Picone, \$15. Both at Bonwit Teller.

1. Inside late-day suit-jackets or over black velvet skirts, satin shirtwaist of white rayon-and-acetate. By Sidney Heller, \$10. Altman's.

2. Red wool jersey overblouse, over slacks, over straight skirts—but above all, with the good news of a V neckline.

By Alice Stuart, in Security jersey, \$6. At Macy's.

3. Overblouse that belts itself neatly at hip level.

In white Springmaid cotton, by Macshore, \$4. Macy's.

4. Gathered onto a buttoned neckband: blouse of red Dacron-and-nylon jersey (a Burlington fabric).

By Pilot, \$6. From Franklin Simon.

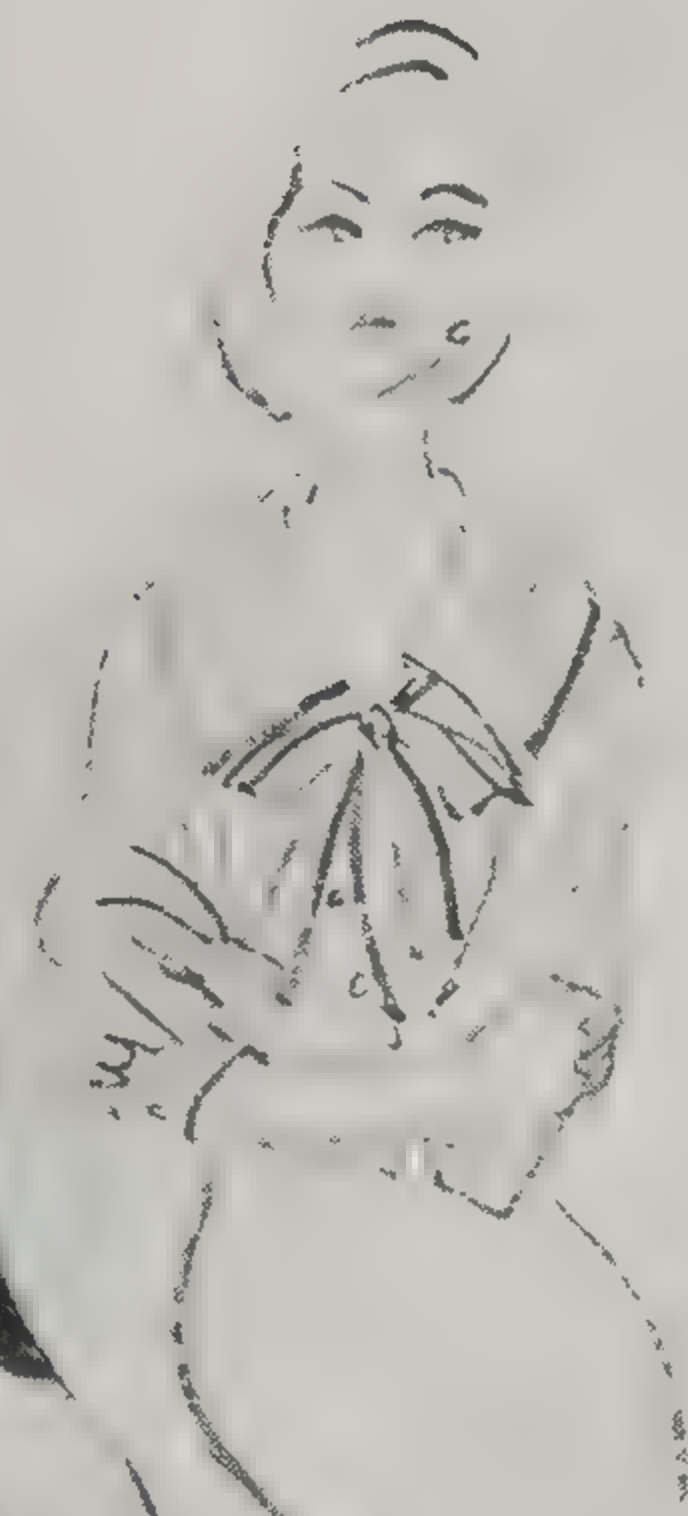
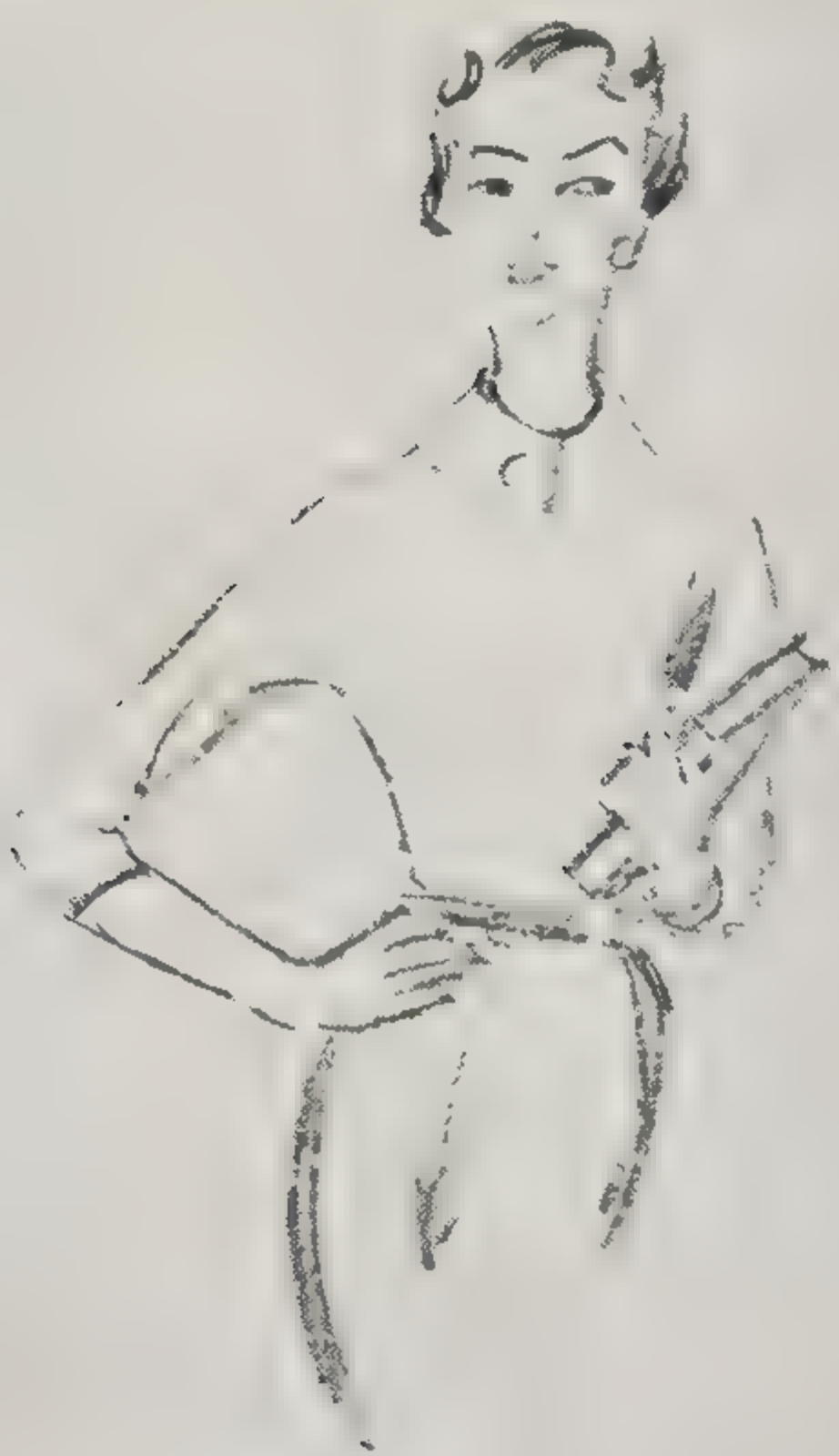
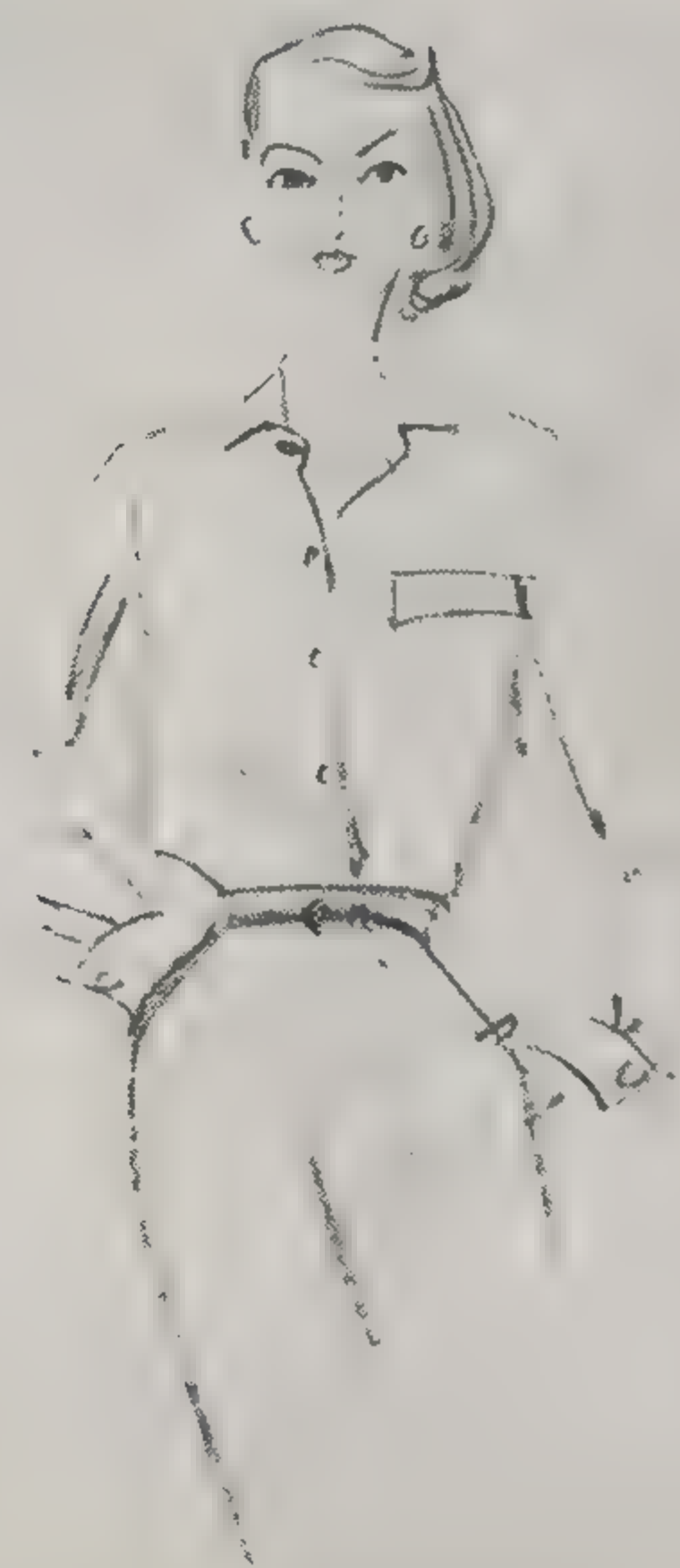
5. Dinner bodice—black worsted jersey; satin-traced neckline. By Morlove, \$12. Bloomingdale's.

6. Nice turn of collar, here. White wool jersey blouse by Cadillac, \$13. Best's.

7. The good surplice blouse, in wrap-around form, in grey wool jersey. By Judy Bond, \$6. Altman's.

8. The shirt's shirt—an unbeatable classic—in white cotton broadcloth, by Ship 'n Shore, \$3. Stern's.

9. Shirt idea, spreading out softly at the collar. In Dacron, with pink shadow-stripes. By Dotti, \$8. Bloomingdale's.



Dress heyday for Mrs. Exeter: Vogue Patterns



One sure way for Mrs. Exeter to have the distinguished new dress she wants is to make it (or have it made) from a new Vogue Pattern. Here are two, designed with Mrs. E.'s special strong-minded preferences in mind. Each has the lines she finds most becomingly addressed to her: the shallow V-neckline, the good tapered sleeves, the illusion of slender length. One is made here of wool, one of silk crêpe, and both of garnet-red: a jewel of a colour that does all the duty of black and pays even prettier compliments. Mrs. Exeter will face no great sewing problems here. But she should take care, when she fits, not to over-fit: tightness tends to emphasize any faults of figure. And she should give loving attention to the length of the dress, to be sure that it's not so short that it shortens her, and not so long that it's timidly dowdy. Then she should take pains with the pressing. The rule is to press as she sews; send the finished dress to a tailor for a professional pressing, unless she is an expert with an iron.

Left: Vogue Pattern S-4649—an immensely flattering dress for Mrs. E. to make of Lesur's garnet wool crêpe. The high surplice neckline is the focus; the asymmetrical fly-front closing lends length. The satin pillbox, by John Frederics. Opera pumps by Martinique. Koret calf bag. Mink muff by Maximilian. Stocking choice for red: "Pink Lady" by Artcraft.

Right: Vogue Pattern 8736—a soft-spoken dress, but an eloquent compliment to Mrs. E. Make it of Maxwell's garnet-red silk crêpe; wear with it a pale-pink feather toque by John Frederics, pearly jewellery (this, by Marvella), white cape-skin gloves (these, by Superb). Background here, both pages, the Plaza Hotel in New York.

For back views, sizes, and yardages, see page 132.

*Vogue Pattern S-4649. Mrs. Exeter knows
the flattery of asymmetry,
points it with an enormous jewel.*



*Vogue Pattern 8736. Mrs. Exeter accepts
these compliments gracefully: a V-neckline,
gentle shoulders, a long-lined skirt.*

PAUL HIMMEL



For growing-ups:
party lines
via Paris

What's happened to last year's enchanting blue-sprigged party dress that she wore only six times? We know. The puffed sleeves drag flat, the waistline's too high, and she's tugging at the organdie collar and wailing, "It's too tight, mummy, and it scratches, and it's *babyish*." And she's right. So sic transit sprigged blue, and what's wanted suddenly, is a party dress just as pretty, but one year *older*. Here, for dancing school, birthday parties, concerts, Sunday luncheons: simple party dresses, designed in Paris by Virginie, copied here by Joseph Love, all in sizes 7 to 14. *Reading from the top step down:* Light (but not baby) blue princesse dress of cotton and Celanese acetate faille (a Fuller fabric), \$11. Next, the classic velveteen, this year, ruby red with pleated white nylon collar, cuffs. Of Merrimack velveteen, \$20. Seated, sweetly shaped, pleated-to-stay dress the colour of raspberry ice, of Burlington cotton-and-nylon, \$10. All at Saks Fifth Ave.; Harzfeld's; Neiman-Marcus.

N° 5 - BOIS DES ILES - GARDENIA - RUSSIA LEATHER - N° 22



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PRETEXTE

by

LANVIN

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“THE TIN GEE-GE”

(Continued from page 63)

convertible, with such superior accessories as an outside trunk and extra tires covered with chic canvas. He was then fourteen, and on our way to Paris I made him my partner and began by asking him to pay the lunch bill at Rouen and tip the boy who had guarded our yellow treasure. His next thrill was our visit to the Galeries Lafayette and the toy department. French soldiers, Napoleon's soldiers, but *what* soldiers! Just the right height—three inches, more strongly made, and what modelling and painting! Braid was really braid, precisely woven in gold. On the shakos were accurate replicas of the Napoleonic eagle no larger than a tenth of a little fingernail. And the faces had expression as well as form. A handsome officer showed pride in being a grenadier; the Old Guard conveyed a shaggy, sad-eyed loyalty. Soldiers of Louis XIV wore feathered hats upon their long curly hair, and the Louis XV troops had white wigs with pig-tails. Most spectacular of all was an Egyptian Pharaoh with a serpent headdress and a square beard, with attendants carrying the fans of royalty.

I stood quietly beside him hardly daring to break the spell of his enchantment by suggesting that we buy some of these magic figures. They were not all in sets, and he was able to pick and choose with a purpose. Nor were they expensive—Cheops of the giant pyramid was surely a bargain at twenty-five cents. Then next day, in a little shop on the Rue de Bourgogne near the Chambre des Députés, we saw a window full of French colonial figures to celebrate the Colonial Exposition then in progress. Arabs in burnouses, Indo-Chinese dancing girls, African Negroes in loincloths became a fabulous addition to his growing collection.

It was in Paris that he formed the habit of taking out the bureau drawers in hotel bedrooms and placing them on the floor as rooms for his little people. Each drawer had a life of its own: the trial of Joan of Arc; the messroom of the Poniatowski hussars and much conviviality; a lonely tavern on the moors where *Treasure Island* smugglers met and plotted. Everything in our suite was potential furnishing for these drawers: ash trays, pen trays, soap dishes, wastepaper baskets. When a purchase arrived in a box, the box was submitted to him before it was thrown out, from the smallest boxes, which made ideal flights of stairs, to long florist boxes perfect as battleships. (Back in New York cylindrical ice cream containers became gun turrets for the battleships and tooth paste boxes were streamlined motor-cars. Shoe boxes, when stood on their small ends, with slits for arrows and floors inserted, made admirable mediaeval towers for observation and for the hanging of traitors with dental floss.) The only permanent props were a pack of gaily-backed playing cards to panel the walls, and the box of dominoes, which not only supplied chairs but also side tables, sofas, a throne; and the double-six formed

the keyboard for a grand piano. French money was added to give diversity to our dinner service of American currency.

So exciting had all these acquisitions become that I could hardly drag him out of the hotel, until I took him to the Louvre and showed him the battle scenes of Meissonier and David's painting of Napoleon. I always made a game of sight-seeing, remembering my foot-sore childhood in the museums of Italy, and after a few stirring pictures we would scuttle out of sight of the guide and seek the stairs in the Louvre, where, seated in a stone embrasure overlooking the Tuileries gardens, we would plan new historic adventures for his soldiers waiting in the bureau drawers. I feared at first the hotel servants would be dismayed by the disorder on the bedroom floor, but the valet and the *femme de chambre* had children of their own, and I would return to find them listening to his stories and moving the soldiers at his command. Then they swept and dusted around his kingdom and left the room smiling.

We next spent a few weeks in the château country around Tours and stayed in rooms above the famous restaurant, the Bon Laboureur, with the castle of Chenonceaux in lovely view. Out of the yellow car my son bore his soldiers to his room, and discovered that he had not packed them carefully enough. Cockades and swords had been snapped off, and elegant uniforms had been scratched. From then on it was his duty to allow time before our departure to wrap each figure separately, and though the wrapping was tedious, the unwrapping at the next stop, like any concealment, gave them new mystery and charm.

Whenever possible we bicycled instead of taking the yellow car, and soon the peasants working in the nearby fields were waving friendly greetings to the mother and son who so visibly *s'amusent énormément*. It was wonderful to return in the evening to a dining room almost empty of tourists and after dinner to sit at a table outdoors with a liqueur for each of us, and to read about the château we were to visit the next day. At Amboise, at Loches, at Blois, at Azay-le-Rideau, we would look for soldiers in the shop windows and come home with the Duc de Guise, François I, or Henri IV snug in my boy's pocket.

On the Riviera the thick pile of fashionable hotel carpets discouraged battle scenes, for the soldiers fell down before they were wounded, and the servants were less gracious about bureau drawers, so there were sedate drawing-room scenes or a Versailles conference. But my son wearied of his own voice and turned happily to swimming and the exploration of the rocks and pine-covered promontories in a pink kayak with double paddles.

It was not until our return to Paris, after selling the yellow car for more than we had paid for it, that

(Continued on page 123)

(Continued from page 122)

the soldier fever once more took hold. This as the result of a visit to the Plat d'Étain on the Rue des Sts.-Pères, a shop devoted to the sale of lead soldiers. I have been told that the French creators of leaden soldiers sacrifice authenticity to beauty, that the costumes are not always accurate in detail. But what cared we when Cardinal Richelieu, Mme. de Pompadour, Kaiser Wilhelm, and a French Academician were so recognizably themselves?

The following summer we spent at an American island resort, and he insisted upon taking his soldiers with him. I hoped he would not have need of them but he did. The resort was one of those compact colonies where the same families came year after year, and the children formed a self-sufficient group. My boy did not “belong,” and he knew it, so he turned to his kings and dukes and commoners whose god he was. My heart ached when I saw him giving royal levees on his bedroom floor when what he really wanted was to be listening with his peers to the radio next door.

When he went to preparatory school his little people were stored away. But after his freshman year at Harvard, suddenly tired of the routine of education, he took a sabbatical in Europe, and something made him take his soldiers with him. In London he had been loaned a small house, and at first he was pleased at being his own master, but it was a strange city and letters of introduction only introduced strangers, and again he was an outsider.

When he was younger, he and I used to sing together a song my English father had sung to me about “The Tin Gee-Gee,” which began:

“I was strolling one day, down the
Lowther Arcade,
That place for children's toys—
Where you can purchase a dolly or
a spade
For your good little girls and boys,
And as I passed a certain stall, said
a little wee voice to me:
‘Oh, I am a Colonel in a little
cocked hat,
And I ride on a tin gee-gee.’”

In the verses which follow, the little Colonel on his rearing horse complains that the shopkeeper has reduced his price tag from two shillings and threepence to one shilling and ninepence, and since then the pretty dolly girl whom he loves now “Turns up her little wax nose at me.”

So one lonely London afternoon my son strolled over to the Lowther Arcade, and his interest in and need for his soldiers revived. However, the most unusual figures were to be found at a shop in the Burlington Arcade, where he saw Charles I copied with exquisite exactness from a Van Dyck portrait; all six of Henry VIII's wives and Henry, too; and a masked headsman in black, with his executioner's axe and block. Once more he was setting up his collection, the old and the new, and for the first time he was

able to devote one unoccupied room to a permanent exhibition. He even made a swift flight to Paris for a visit to the Plat d'Étain, where he had gone when we were motoring in the yellow Ford. Some of the most desirable figures were included in boxed sets, which he felt he could not afford and so he told the salesman. At once the sympathetic clerk began to snip off a single Serb, a Russian, an Imperial Chinaman, a Boer, two Turks, and several Hindus. “Do not distress yourself, monsieur, there are others like you who prefer variety to numbers.”

To quote from a letter he wrote me from London at that time: “With some wood from a neighbouring woodshop I have constructed a walled city with a palace on a hill in the centre, several shops (run by a syndicate of nasty little men in black and bowler hats who complicate the lot of the oppressed citizenry); also two inns, one a pub and the other, ‘The King's Arms,’ with a superb innkeeper in a red waistcoat, white apron, and gold watch chain, and one of the guests is a bearded anarchist who plots the universal downfall. There are towers and sentries on the city wall, granaries, pens for domestic animals, and, of course, the wretched crowded huts of the peasantry. I am starting an Oriental city in another part of the room, and my new Chinese figures have become mandarins who pace upon green blotting-paper grass beneath the shadow of a brass Buddha, whose mystical face is veiled by smoke—from a burning cigarette.

“The great charm is combining the old soldiers with the new, for the old ones all have definite characters, and they, upon meeting my new figures, with their unknown personalities, produce a story almost of their inventing rather than mine.”

An excellent cook accompanied the loaned house, and my son soon began giving small dinners after which he would take his guests to see his soldier city. “I hesitated about leading people in evening clothes on such a strange expedition, but is it very different from trotting out a collection of etchings or first editions or the letters from some ‘famooser’? Some of the guests are bewildered, but others like John Gunther appreciate its living qualities. However, I am not sure if I am enjoying my soldiers as I once did. They are now a world I show off instead of vanishing into.” Later a letter came to me saying that Rebecca West and some others had all left his little party suspiciously early. “It would seem, mother dear, that there is more to giving a successful dinner party than good food and a collection of lead soldiers.”

Other events crowded his life after his return to Harvard, but he who majored in history, was convinced that this miniature soldier world of his had brought to his study of history a reality and an ease of understanding and the deep kind of pleasure which does not depend on the good will of others.

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ENGLISHMAN

(Continued from page 82)

roads, are in Scottish hands. The English themselves cheerfully tell the tale of the Scot returning to Edinburgh from London and telling his fellow citizens who asked, "Well, did you see our English friends?": "Hadn't a chance. I saw nobody but directors."

The only corner of Great Britain where you almost never run across any Scots is Soho, in London, where you can spend a whole day without hearing any other languages than Italian, French, Spanish, Chinese, German, or Javanese, and where you see people loitering on their doorstep just like vulgar Continentals.

There are, however, Englishmen in London, even though it may not seem so. One of them overtook me in Piccadilly. A man of about forty, severely elegant, his scarlet face partly obliterated by a thick reddish moustache, wearing on his head a narrow-brimmed black bowler, like half a melon, set straight on and well forward over the brow, his figure impeccable in a dark blue jacket with side vents, his trousers falling straight to gleaming shoes, a red carnation in his buttonhole and carrying in one hand a small flat leather suitcase, in the other an umbrella sharp-pointed as a rapier. What most impressed me about this man (whom I had all but given a friendly slap on the back, for I had mistaken him for Marmaduke) was his walk. He had a firm step, an athletic stride, and at each step his umbrella, raised to forehead-height with a crisp flick of the wrist, quivered for an instant in his hand, then dropped back to the pavement which it struck with an almost unvarying rhythm. Like a human metronome this magnificent walker strode along Piccadilly, head high, indifferent to all he found in his path. Fascinated by the rhythmic step punctuated with measured raps of the staff, I tried to follow; but I had almost to run, and running after a gentleman you do not know is one of the things that is not done in London, ever. When you think you do know him. So I was despondent over having lost my Englishman when suddenly, in the Haymarket, the same man appeared, going the other way this time. Ten times during the day I was to meet this extraordinary gentleman, this supreme ubiquity. And each time I started eagerly toward him, about to cry, "Hello, Major!"

But no; it was not Major Thompson. It was one of his five or six million brothers. London is a city in which hundreds of thousands of bowlers, all planted on the same head, advance to the conquest of the same invisible goal. No forest of Ile de France is more impressive than this forest of melons and umbrellas, eternally on the march. You can not imagine these men strolling as Latins do. Marching is their lot. There are no other men in the world who march as the man of London, impassive and secure in his right, marches toward his destiny.

And what is this destiny? For a long time I kept wondering.

All these Edens with their big

feet, what State Secrets, what top-secret documents did they carry about in their attaché cases?

One day, in spite of the Major's disapproval, I decided to follow one of them to the end. Leaving the Foreign Office, the black bowler crossed Whitehall, went up the Mall and entered the tube at St. James's Park. Thanks to my having boarded the same car I was in contact when the train plunged into its concrete burrow. The man began by reading the *Times*, but as we left the centre of town and he still had his seat to himself, he folded his paper, placed his precious case on his lap, and cautiously opened it. At last I was to know the secret of one Foreign Office attaché case.

The dispatches of Empire, that day, consisted of a cake of soap, a small white towel, the *Cricket Almanack* for 1955 which I recognized by its cover, and a ham sandwich which the gentleman proceeded to eat as if he had been riding between Angoulême and Poitiers. To be rigidly truthful I must add that he ate very daintily. But the fact remains, he ate.

That same evening I imparted my discovery to the Major.

"You confounded Frenchman!" he said. "Now I suppose you're convinced that no Foreign Office dispatch case contains anything but snacks—to use your vulgar expression!"

No, of course I am not. And yet nothing so resembles an Englishman in a bowler as another Englishman in a bowler. The philosopher J. R. Lowell himself wrote: "Never do I bless Providence more than on the day it introduces me to an Englishman who is not like all the others."

Why this resemblance?

The English can be explained by Saxon heredity and the influence of the Methodists. I prefer to explain them by tea, roast beef, and rain. Above all, a nation is what it eats, what it drinks, and what falls on its head. People continually swept by wind and rain and subjected to perpetual fog eventually turn into water-proofs off which criticism slides like water off rubber. People who drink tea seven times a day and eat the same vegetables and meat all year round must eventually all develop the same complexion. There is roast beef in the Englishman, as there is rice in the Chinese.

"This time I agree," the Major conceded regretfully. "The thing that makes Frenchmen so different from each other is that one likes his snails while another eats his meat pie and the third one's wife cooks him up a stew—her own personal little stew, which is quite different from her neighbour's. My colour is never so high as yours by three o'clock closing time, and, my goodness, the British flag that you claim to see on my brow isn't the same colour at Saumur as at Nuits-Saint-Georges. Your Côtes-du-Rhône, your Clos-Vougeot, and your Muscadet give the French an infinite variety in colouration. Tea and whisky condemn the English to greater uniformity. Besides which, you are incapable of understanding us."

How is one to understand them, after all?

How to define people who

make it a point of duty never to ask a personal question about their neighbours' private lives; yet keep informed about their Queen's most inconsequential comings and goings and purchases, as if they were door-keepers at Buckingham Palace; who vehemently champion individual liberty yet take away your glass of wine at one minute past three; who do not like to talk but adore orators; who detest heat but cherish a passion for fire*; who have an innate sense of grandeur but, from their houses to their railroad engines—and including their ponies, are addicted to the worship of the small; who speak of insignificant matters when sober and begin to discuss serious issues when they drink; who, without raising an eyebrow, will watch their children caned by their schoolmasters yet can not bear the sight of any cripple; who despise all that is not English yet derive their national beverage from a shrub of Indo-China; who never embrace in front of people in the subway or in the street but do it in Hyde Park or at Maidenhead in front of even more people; who have a horror of crossbreeding but are themselves a mixture of Celt, Saxon, Scandinavian, and Norman; who accuse the French of living to eat yet spend all of their time nibbling; who

*There is perhaps no more delicate pleasure for an Englishman sitting in a lively draft in a Tudor or Elizabethan drawing room than to have his spine freeze while he roasts his face before the hearth.

persist as the most rigid cradle of conservatism yet have taken Karl Marx and Lenin under a protective wing; who practise austerity on Sunday yet, on that day, send the circulation of a weekly scandal sheet up to eight million copies; who like to drive slowly while alive but are driven at breakneck speed in Rolls-Royces when they are dead; who carry an umbrella in fine weather and wear a waterproof when it rains; who are forever talking about home but are delighted to settle down abroad; who never insult anyone without first assuring that person of their respect; who are reputed to have the manners of kings yet walk into restaurants ahead of their wives. . . .

"Nonsense!" the Major said. "Ass! That's respect for feminine modesty—to protect the defenseless female against vulgar contacts."

"Very well. But will you deny—you who are supposed to be the best-mannered folk in the world—that your cabinet ministers at Westminster put their feet on the Council Table?"

"That is privilege, my dear Daninos, not boorishness."

Major Thompson is always right. Especially when everything seems to give him the lie. Here again is another of the Englishman's strengths; he instantly finds a sound explanation for his compatriots' inconsistencies which I, for my part, refuse to attempt to define except by saying that of all their famous tex-

(Continued on page 126)

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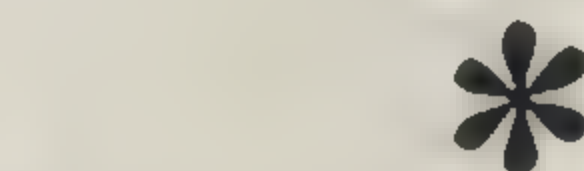
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FRANCES
DENNEY

ENGLISHMAN

(Continued from page 125)

tiles the most indestructible is still the tissue of their contradictions.

"You only confuse yourself, old chap, with this mania of yours for explaining everything. We English are far too intelligent or far too stupid to try to understand ourselves. Every year for the past thousand years some foreigner has gone home from England to write a book designed to explain the English to his countrymen. Which simply proves that none of them has ever succeeded. There's a good reason, too. An Englishman can not be explained, he can merely be stated. Englishmen are like electricity; it exists, but no one can explain it. One small difference, perhaps, I grant you; people use electricity. Englishmen use people."

Night was falling. A flood of black melons and cars poured through the Strand. From a red bus sprang a man, literally catapulted off. A bump had made him miss the first steps of the iron staircase; he had been hurled from the upper deck into the street.

"You always have something to say about our buses, my dear Major! These paddy-wagons of yours! Look here, let me tell you a good one. Incredible, really. Ten minutes ago I went into one of your drugstores—'chemists,' as you call them—to buy a bottle of aspirin and some tooth paste. The fellow was perfectly willing to sell me the aspirin, but it was after hours for tooth paste. There's a time for having a headache and another for brushing your teeth. What a country!"

—Translated by Charlotte Underwood

DECORATING

(Continued from page 98)

In Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Delson's apartment (page 99), decorated by Melanie Kahane: White vinyl floor with diagonal brass stripping, made to order by William Gold; similar floors available to order from the David Wider Associates. Unlined curtain-draperies of *strié*-weave, white-on-oyster-white silk from Kent-Bragaline, bordered with gold-embroidered white ribbon from Scalamandré. Louis XVI armchairs covered in yellow-gold silk from Scalamandré; the Louis XVI *bergère*, in a honey-gold silk from Stroheim & Romann. On the sofa, a white-and-silver Fortuny cotton fabric, the prototype of the new Venetian damasks and brocades. Two modern easy chairs (in front of the window) upholstered in cross-woven, black-over-taupe silk from Kent-Bragaline.

Other materials that might have been used in this apartment: For the floors, real marble or terrazzo; vinyl tile; clay tile. For the walls, here painted with washable

(Continued on page 127)



CALIFORNIA

Chico.....M. Oser
Glendale.....H. S. Webb
Long Beach.....Walker's
Los Angeles.....The Broadway
Los Angeles.....The May Co.
Los Angeles.....J. W. Robinson
North Hollywood.....Rathbun's
Oakland.....H. C. Capwell Co.
Oakland.....Kahn's
Sacramento.....Weinstock, Lubin & Co.
San Bernardino.....Gabriel's
San Bernardino.....The Harris Co.
San Diego.....Walker-Scott
San Francisco

Emporium Downtown-Stonestown

San Francisco.....Hale's
San Francisco.....Macy's California
San Francisco.....The White House
Walnut Creek.....Capwell's
Whittier.....Myers

CONNECTICUT

Hartford.....G. Fox & Co.
New Haven.....Edward Malley Co.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington, D. C.....The Hecht Co.
Washington, D. C.....Woodward & Lothrop
Washington, D. C.....Lansburgh's

FLORIDA

Jacksonville.....Cohen Bros.
Miami.....Burdine's

GEORGIA

Atlanta.....Davison-Paxon
Atlanta.....Rich's

ILLINOIS

Chicago.....Carson, Pirie Scott
Chicago.....The Fair
Chicago.....Mandel Brothers

INDIANA

Fort Wayne.....Wolf & Dessauer
Indianapolis.....L. S. Ayres
Indianapolis.....Wm. H. Block

IOWA

Des Moines.....Yunker Bros.
Dubuque.....Roshek Bros.

KENTUCKY

Lexington.....Stewart's
Louisville.....Stewart's

LOUISIANA

New Orleans.....Maison Blanche

MARYLAND

Baltimore.....The Hecht Company
Baltimore.....Hochschild, Kohn
Baltimore.....Stewart & Co.
Bethesda.....Woodward & Lothrop
Langley Park.....Lansburgh's
Silver Spring.....The Hecht Co.

MASSACHUSETTS

Boston.....Filene's
Boston.....Gilchrist Co.
Boston.....Jordan, Marsh
Springfield.....Albert Steiger
Waltham.....Grover Cronin

MICHIGAN

Detroit.....Ernst Kern Co.

MINNESOTA

Minneapolis.....Boutell's
Minneapolis.....Dayton Company
Minneapolis.....J. B. Hudson Co.

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Kansas City.....Macy's
St. Louis.....Famous-Barr
St. Louis.....Scruggs-Vandevoort-Barney
St. Louis.....Stix, Baer & Fuller

NEBRASKA

Omaha.....J. L. Brandeis

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Manchester.....Leavitt's

NEW JERSEY

Newark.....Bamberger's
Newark.....Kresge Newark

NEW YORK

Albany.....John G. Myers Co.
Buffalo.....Wm. Hengerer Co.
Brooklyn.....Abraham & Straus
New York City.....B. Altman
New York City.....Bloomingdale's
New York City.....Macy's
New York City.....Oppenheim, Collins
New York City.....Stern's
Rochester.....Sibley, Lindsay & Curr
Syracuse.....The Addis Co.
Syracuse.....Flah & Co.
Yonkers.....John Wanamaker

OHIO

Akron.....M. O'Neil
Cincinnati.....H. & S. Pogue
Cincinnati.....John Shillito
Cleveland.....Halle Bros.
Cleveland.....Higbee Co.
Cleveland.....May Co.
Columbus.....F. & R. Lazarus
Dayton.....Rike-Kumler
Toledo.....Lasalle & Koch (Watch Repair)
Youngstown.....McKelvey's (Watch Repair)
Youngstown.....Strauss-Hirshberg

OKLAHOMA

Oklahoma City.....J. A. Brown
Tulsa.....Brown, Dunkin

PENNSYLVANIA

Johnstown.....Penn Traffic
Lancaster.....Hager & Bro.
Philadelphia.....Gimbel
Philadelphia.....Snellenburg's
Pittsburgh.....Gimbel Brothers
Pittsburgh.....Joseph Horne
Pittsburgh.....Kaufmann's 5th Ave.
Reading.....C. K. Whitner

RHODE ISLAND

Providence.....The Outlet
Woonsocket.....McCarthy's

TENNESSEE

Memphis.....John Gerber Co.

TEXAS

Dallas.....Sanger's (Better Jewelry)
Dallas.....Titcher-Goettinger
Houston.....Foley's
Houston.....Sakowitz Bros.
San Antonio.....Joske's of Texas

UTAH

Salt Lake City.....Zion's Co-operative

VIRGINIA

Alexandria.....Woodward & Lothrop
Parkington.....The Hecht Co.
Richmond.....Miller & Rhoads
Richmond.....Thalheimer's

WASHINGTON

Seattle.....The Bon Marche

WISCONSIN

Milwaukee.....Boston Store
Milwaukee.....Gimbel Brothers
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DECORATING

(Continued from page 126)

white paint, other handsome and easy-to-maintain possibilities are: parquet-like white paper made of blocks of paper-thin wood veneer; Japanese silk paper; Indian burlap (all, available at Louis Bowen). Or, Piazza Prints' white-on-white wallpaper in a damask design. All are easily refreshed with a damp cloth.

Other choices for the curtain-draperies might have been Schulman's "Nuage" (a tucked, ribbed Swiss cotton that looks like silk); or Schumacher's Linen Casement; or the newly-returned, pure China Silk from Scalamandré. The Louis XVI chair might have been covered in a hand-woven Siamese silk from Thaibok, with the typical cross-weaving, gold over eggplant; or Scalamandré's cross-woven silk-and-Fortisan; or the luxurious-looking Rainbow Cloth (rayon-and-Fortisan), available at J. H. Thorp in no less than a hundred and one colours. For the sofa, new damask and brocade-printed cottons, with a wonderfully rich, heavy Venetian effect, are at Patterson Fabrics, Scalamandré, J. H. Thorp, and Cheney Greeff, among others. Katzenbach & Warren has a wallpaper to match the Cheney Greeff fabric, wonderful in gold on white; Piazza Prints, Pippin Papers, Nancy McClelland, Louis Bowen all have papers with this damask effect.

In James Amster's dining room (page 99) the dining chairs and settees are upholstered in Eagle Ottawa's matte black glove-leather which doesn't crack, can be cleaned easily with a damp cloth. (Again—ease of maintenance.) In Mr. and Mrs. Robert Scott's dramatic living room (page 100), designed by Henry Hebbeln, the two huge sofas are covered in a tweedy fabric from Boris Kroll; the brilliant cushions are of Siamese silk from Thaibok.

The velvet bed-cover in Mrs. Archibald Brown's bedroom (page 100) is, of course, unique; but many pure-silk velvets, cotton and rayon velvets are available in this season's brilliant colours. (Some have been treated with mysterious chemicals that make them virtually spot-proof.) A new idea is the very formal handling of sheer, summery curtains in this room. Perfect for this would be the Scranton Lace curtains of sheer lace net with a new permanent finish, designed by Schiaparelli; or almost any of the fine, sheer curtaining at Quaintance Fabrics.

In the garden drawing room designed by William Kennedy (on page 101), dark spruce-green carpet is from Ernest Treganowan, Inc. The love seat is covered in dark-green velvet from Erbur; the dolphin chair, in emerald-green silk from Lehman-Connor; a bright-green silk from Kent-Bragaline is draped over the table. Scattered about are small, bright cushions of Scalamandré silk.

Wallpaper mouldings, columns, cornices, and the like, are wonderful brighteners for architecturally bleak or difficult rooms. A cut-out wallpaper column, capital, base and

overdoor panel, designed by Josephine Howell, is at Louis Bowen; other wallpaper "architectural features," in pale or brilliant colours, at Nancy McClelland.

In the Palm Beach living room (page 102) designed by William Baldwin, the sky-and-cloud wallpaper on the ceiling is from Piazza Prints. The wrought-iron chairs wrapped in navy-blue leather were imported from France through Baldwin, Inc. At the bay window are heavy white moire-printed linen curtains (linen damasks and moires are news), from Brunschwig et Fils. The Syrie Maugham sofa, with bow-tied tufting, is covered in pale-blue linen from Arthur Lee; the easy chairs, in navy-blue chintz with white butterflies (called "Patchouli") from Margaret Owen. White lacquered furniture is fresh-looking and surprisingly practical (the David Wider Associates have white lacquer chairs, tables, and chests of their own design). The tweed-textured rug in ranges of blues is from Treganowan; other versions of these tweedy rugs, in a new sweep of colours, are at Gulistan, James Lees, Masland, Cabin Crafts.

In Mr. John Wisner's living room (page 102) the painted rattan sofa, from Ficks-Reed, is covered in a strong blue textured cotton from Schumacher, with cushions of cross-woven silk from Updecor Fabrics. On the Italian Directoire chair is another of the new Venetian-like cotton damasks, this a blue and white one from S. M. Hexter.

In Mr. and Mrs. Paul Wilhelm's apartment (page 103), designed by Alvin Lustig, the living room has straight-hanging curtains of yellow silk from Habitat Associates, covering almost an entire wall. Polished chrome chairs, black leather-covered, from Laverne Associates. The banquette cushions, in various bright colours, are of hand-woven fabric from Knoll Associates, and the luxurious pale-beige carpet is from William Gold. A whole new range of colours is now available in rugs already in stock—no waiting for them to be dyed to order. Splendid examples are: Cabin Crafts' thick, tufted nylon carpeting; James Lees' all-wool carpetings, "Dignity" and "Carra"; C. H. Masland's all-Saran carpet, "New Saranette," and their wool one called "Enchantment"; Gulistan's all-wool "Largo" and "Coronation"; V'Soske's "Mahara" and "Malagra," in combinations of one colour making tightly-woven stripes.

In Mr. and Mrs. Wilhelm's library, the lacquer-red silk curtains are from Oriental Textiles. The sofa, from Design Previews, is covered in Knoll Associates' black-and-white linen tweed, with cushions of their hand-woven fabrics in bright colours. Knoll also provided the Danish chair, upholstered in lacquer-red. Accent rugs (like the Wilhelms' delightful East Indian one) are increasingly important, and an ideal way to introduce pattern into a room. A new series of cotton or rayon accent rugs, some like small fringed Moroccan rugs, some like Mondrian paintings, some shaped like hexagons or ripe fruit, are at Cabin Crafts. All-wool accent rugs may be ordered in any size from Edward Fields; notable designs are "Romanesque," "Romany Stripe," and "Africa."



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Heyday—and evening— of the knitted dress

One more word about important dress news. This, a progress report on knitting. We've been noting it as the news comes in, this flourishing fashion of knitted day clothes. Newest development, here: the afternoon-evening timing of the new knitted dresses. *Sketched at left:* A black bouclé afternoon dress with a softened neckline. To wear with a smattering of jewels, black satin sandals, a black bag. Knitted wool dress by Rosanna, \$30. Peck & Peck; Sakowitz. *At right:* The new anklebone wool dinner sheath—here in jersey striped blue, red, green. For the woman who can wear it, a stopper. By Claire McCardell, \$45. At Lord & Taylor. Sandals by Evins, at I. Miller. *Below:* Big slice of current fashion, this mere sliver of wool, for late-day parties, restaurant dinners. Day-length knitted black dress, with a string-tie patent leather belt, by Gernreich-Bass, \$30. Lord & Taylor; Joseph Magnin. Beanie beret: black feathers.



HORST





The heyday of the dress

(Continued from page 81)

Another of the dresses that form the basis of so much fashion news this season—by way of easier, less-fitted slimness, fabric excellence (this one imported from France), details that understate rather than overpower. The costume here: a slip-sheath dress of charcoal-grey wool flannel, the merest hint of detail at the hipline, with neat, short sleeves. And, making it a costume, a short, square-cut jacket to match, lined with red ratiné. By Les Trois Hironnelles; \$155. At Gunther Jaeckel; Hudson's. Mink beret, by Mr. John. Nettie Rosenstein black calfskin bag at Gunther Jaeckel.

MORE DINNER MENUS FOR THE ONE-MENU HOSTESS

(Continued from page 105)

COLD BORSCH
(sour cream)
BROILED BABY TURKEY
PURÉE OF CHESTNUTS
SPICED CRAB APPLES
ASPARAGUS VINAIGRETTE
HONEY MOUSSE BRANDY SNAPS
BLACK COFFEE

MELON BALLS
(lime juice and Cointreau)
ROAST WHOLE HAM
(with hot compote of prunes, pineapple
chunks, tangerine slices)
FRENCH FRIED SWEET POTATOES
GREEN SUCCOTASH
CHILLED HALVES OF HUGE
COMICE PEARS
(cored and heaped with chilled whipped
cream, hot chocolate sauce)

Pre-dinner drink: Dry daiquiris
with hot buttered and toasted
French bread crust.

The dinner wine: White Hermitage
or dry champagne.

If asparagus is not in season, have
artichokes.

Pre-dinner drink: Mint juleps;
plain hot crackers.

The dinner wine: A very old red
Hermitage or a red Bordeaux or a
red Burgundy.

If sweet potatoes seem too sweet,
serve a rich spoon bread.



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Roman Holiday doesn't *necessarily* mean throwing your hat over the windmill . . . as of now, it can also mean a delicious new fragrance. You see above this new perfume (it has a companionable cologne and dusting powder). What, you may ask, is the fragrance of a Roman Holiday? In this case—like a sunny (rather than moonlit) garland of rose and jasmin and tuberose, pleasantly drenched with spices. Gay and lively and important enough to "carry." By Bourjois, at Altman's.

ATHENS

(Continued from page 65)

The Tourist Police, a natty squad of grey-uniformed interpreters with sleeve-banners marked English, Français, Deutsch, Español, making them more useful, though perhaps not more ravishing than the Paris gendarmes. . . . Car license fees—\$700 a year for a Chrysler, for instance. . . . The Gothic preoccupation of the Athens tabloids with Spyridoula Rapti, a twelve-year-old housemaid whose employers tortured her with a hottish flatiron; now she is the subject of some suitably mournful songs and, because engagements last seven or eight years in Greece, the recipient of several proposals of marriage. . . . Georgiou, a lawyer from Famagusta, Cyprus, who, several years ago, at the age of forty-eight, turned painter; he has since had a show in Paris; a clutch of his friends have presented to Winston Churchill a Georgiou canvas with the curiously timely title, *Aegean Racket*.

Places to eat and drink: The *taverna* of the Seven Brothers, for instance, where an occasional troupe of singers and native musicians may entertain through the evening. . . . *Tou Gero Finika* (At the Sign of the Old Palm Tree) in the centre of Athens; a long, dark corridor leads from the street to an open garden

with a fine fig tree in the centre, a clutter of green-leaved plants in red pots, and, overhead, naked electric light bulbs hanging in wicker baskets. . . . Or for lotus-eating without the hazards of odyssey, the cushy hotels, the Grande Bretagne, the Palace Athénée, and the King George, all popping with British and Americans at cocktail time. . . . *Spilia*, "The Caves," a cliff-hanging restaurant in Castello (on the road to the Piraeus) where both the view and the food are oceanic; with lobster, a dry Santorin wine, chilly and white.

The marathon, run off this month on the same road followed by the runner who carried to Athens news of the Greek victory over the Persians in 490 B.C. . . . Stiff-skirted peasants, postcard sailors, and rugged, faintly melancholy soldiers painted by Tsarouhis, a student of Coptic textiles, of Byzantium, and recently, of the French moderns; his work will be shown in New York at the Iolas Gallery this winter.

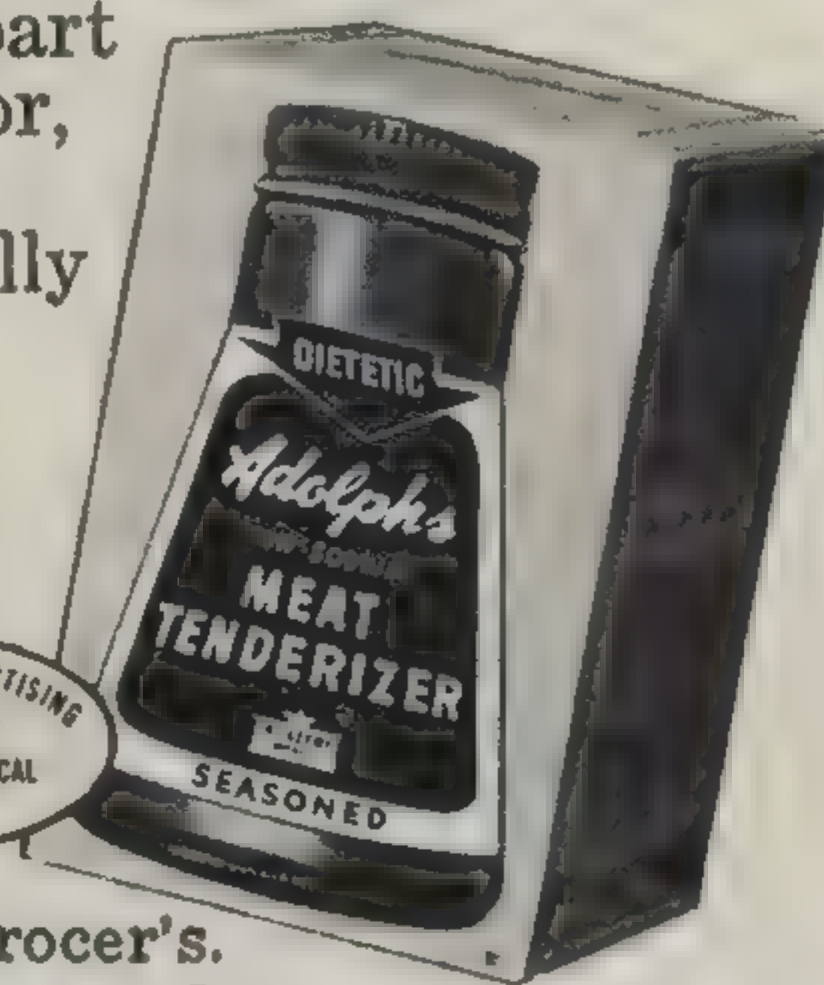
New roads, especially the boulevard following the sculptured, wind-lashed coastline from Athens to Cape Sounion, southernmost tip of the Attic peninsula. . . . The Temple of Nemesis, well named because to get there requires an hour of concentrated jolting by jeep from Athens to Rhamnus, where the whole point is the sight of toppled grey masonry against a sovereign sweep of sea and mountains.

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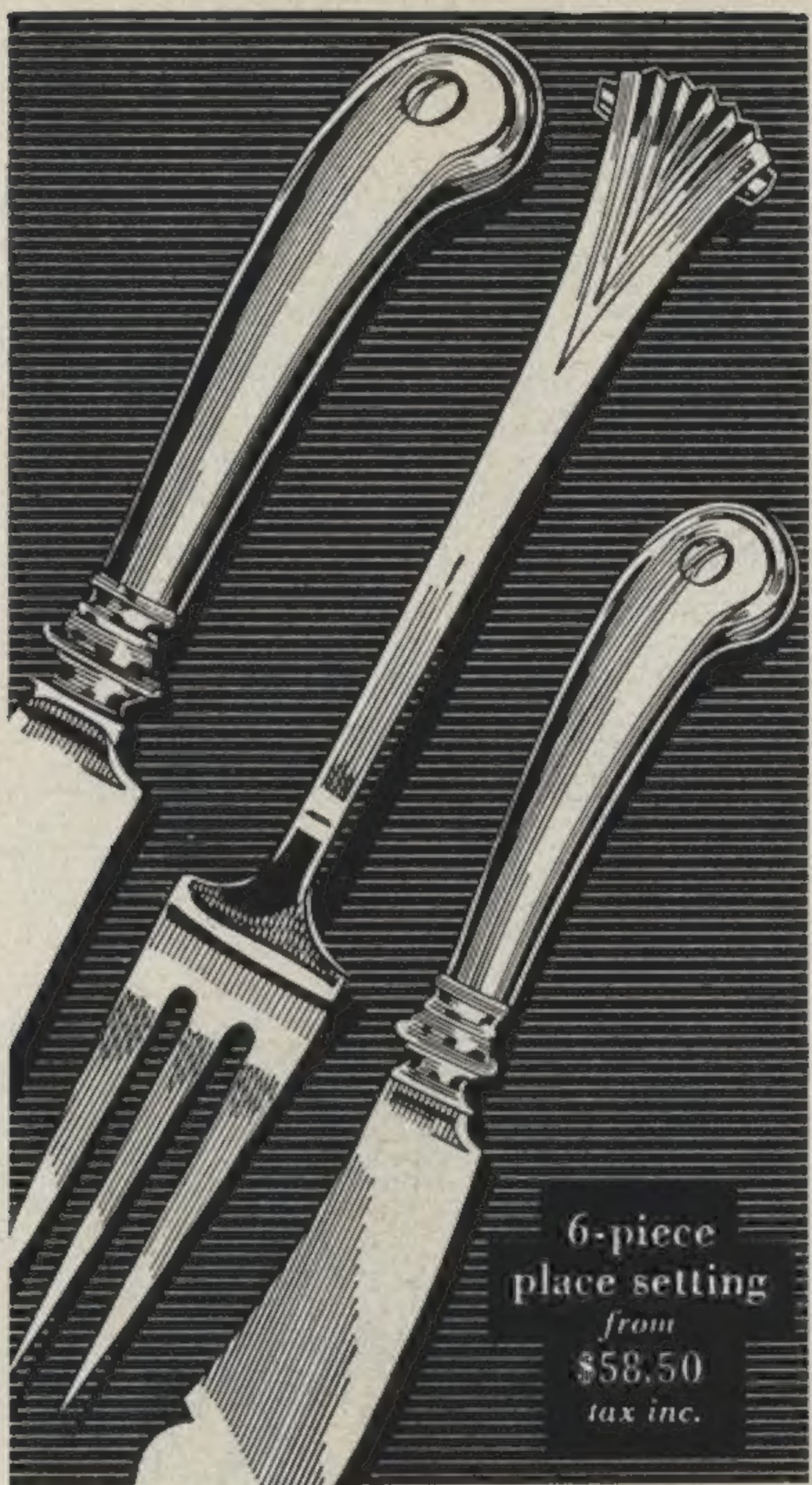
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Lubbock, Texas	Godwin's
Manhasset, L. I.	Jane Lewis
Memphis, Tenn.	Levy's
Miami Beach, Fla.	Burdine's
Milburn, N. J.	Suburban Shop
Minneapolis, Minn.	Harolds
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Nashville, Tenn.	Rich Schwartz & Joseph
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New wardrobe: touring Belgium

(Continued from page 114)

Above: On location in Brussels—a coat-dress of knitted black wool, buttoned from neck to hem. About \$30. By Sportwhirl. Travelling companion here (picked up along the way at the Shannon Airport): a huge stole in a bright red wool blanket plaid. The dress and stole could be bound for the Grande Place—it's illuminated every evening, one of the finest sights in Brussels. *Below:* Photographed at Bruges, in the small park at the centre of town—the swans here are almost as celebrated as the canals. Evening skirt and top of black lace. The skirt is full, packs beautifully (that's the lace of it); the bare top has shoestring shoulder straps. Skirt, about \$30; top, about \$11; velveteen sash, about \$6. By Sportwhirl. Both the costumes: Peck & Peck; Joseph Magnin.



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VOGUE PATTERNS

(Details of Mrs. Exeter's dresses, shown on pages 118-119)



Left: Vogue Pattern S-4649. The garnet-red wool dress with the asymmetrical fly-front closing, shallow V surplice neckline, wide shawl collar. Designed for sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 38), 40, 42. To make size 16 (34), you will need 2 $\frac{7}{8}$ yds. of 54" wide fabric. \$1.

Right: Vogue Pattern 8736—the garnet-red silk dress with a little softness released from the shoulders, a pleat low at the side that gives the skirt a long-wrapped look. For sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 38), 40, 42, 44. For size 16 (34) use 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ yds. of a 39"-wide fabric. 75c.



VOGUE PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT IMPORTANT SHOPS IN EVERY CITY OR BY MAIL (POSTAGE PREPAID), FROM DEPARTMENT V, VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE, GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT; AND IN CANADA, AT 198 SPADINA AVE., TORONTO, ONTARIO. (Some pattern prices are slightly higher in Canada.) Note: Connecticut residents please add sales tax. These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 5c additional for each pattern ordered.

The one-menu hostess

(Further details of the two new silver patterns shown on pages 104-105)



Far left: Reed & Barton's new sterling silver pattern, "Tara." Available only in the new between-luncheon-and-dinner place size. Six-piece place setting, \$34.75, including tax, at Macy's.

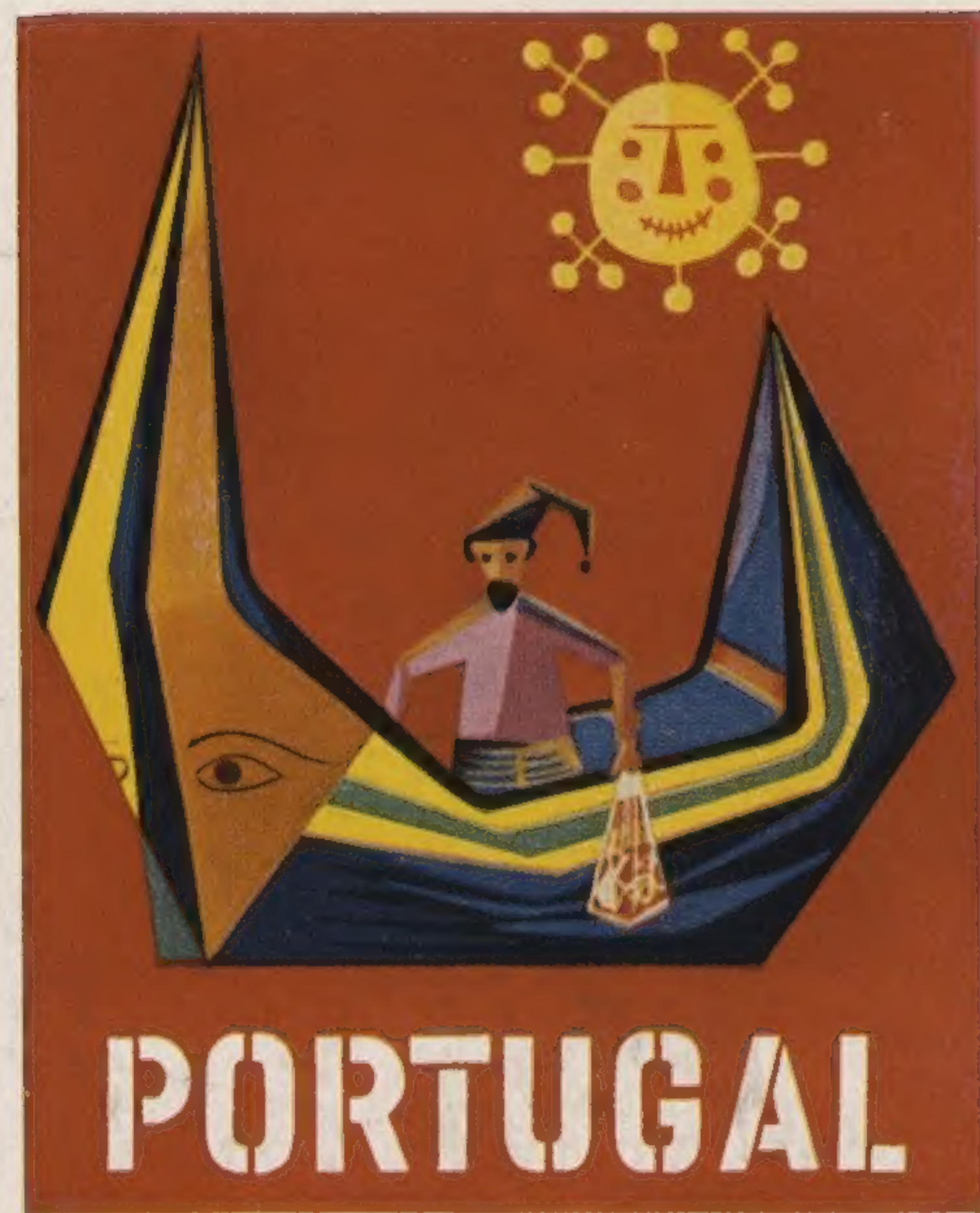
Left: Towle's new sterling silver pattern, "Silver Spray." This, too, available only in the adaptable new place size. Six-piece setting, \$35, with tax; Saks Fifth Avenue.



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